ISRAEL AT TWENTY-FIVE **HERBERT KROSNEY**

THE NATION

APRIL 30, 1973 *50 cents*

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LETTERS

stripping the mesa

Chinle, Navajo Nation

DEAR SIRS: The following corrections should be made to George L. Baker's "Land Is Power: The Kingdoms of the Railroads" [*The Nation*, Mar. 12].

(*1*) Black Mesa strip is located in northern Arizona, on the Navajo Indian reservation, not in New Mexico. (*2*) In 1964 and 1966, Peabody Coal Co. signed contracts with both the Navajo and Hopi tribes, who jointly own the land, for the 64,000 acres. Peabody is now stripping 14,000 acres. (*4*) The coal from the Black Mesa Mine feeds two power plants, the Mojave (Bullhead City, Nev.); and Navajo Generation Station (Page, Ariz.), but *not* the Four Corners plant in New Mexico.

Right on with the fact that Four Corners is the single greatest source of pollution in the Southwest! Enjoyed reading the rest of the article. Quite interesting and enlightening piece of information.

Alice Luna, Coordinator
Committee to Save Black Mesa

ends and means

Marshall, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: If the viciousness of power as it is [at] present exercised is the result of its sexually exclusive psychological roots [then] when power is no longer a male prerogative or attribute, deep changes in the nature of power itself and its uses will inevitably occur.

Such changes are almost unimaginable, and can take place only if power is available *without question* to men and women equally. In order to achieve that equality it seems to me that women, contrary to Barbara Harrison's positions in her review of *Women and Madness* [*The Nation*, Jan. 22], must take power whenever and wherever they can. At the present time that means that we might indeed rejoice "when Nixon appoints the first woman conservative to the Court."

I fear that a short-sighted and moralistic view of the feminist movement will prevent it from gathering the momentum it needs to overthrow a millennia-old imbalance, the results of which are destroying the human race.

Frances Linenthal

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: I wonder if Ms. Linenthal has considered the practical consequences of her suggestions? If (pursuing Ms. Linenthal's hypothetical example) a woman conservative were appointed to the Court, would we continue to rejoice when she ruled, say, that abortion was unconstitutional? How much more adorable than a male racist would a female racist be as mayor of Boston (and how much less damaging to black women and girls)? It's one thing to believe that "the viciousness of power . . . is the result of its sexually exclusive psychological roots"; it's another to imply that some kind of mystical transformation takes place in the social order (though it may indeed take place in the individual psyche) when a woman does the bad things men have been doing. . . .

Just as I don't believe a revolution will come through communards making leather wallets in Appalachia, I don't believe that when United Fruit appoints three female execs (and it's unrealistic to think we're talking about anything other than tokenism here) the world will change. . . . I don't have a blueprint for revolutionary strategy. I wish I did. But I do think *the end pre-exists in the means* is a more valid—and viable—revolutionary standard than *if you can't lick 'em, join 'em.*

Barbara Grizutti Harrison

EDITORIALS

In Character

The President's sudden about-face on the Watergate case is entirely in character. Give him credit for fast political footwork when trapped, and eel-like flexibility when under pressure. When his personal political fortunes are at stake, he has no character, hence no scruples. He will bite any bullet, sacrifice any underling, and deny the undeniable. Whatever political self-interest dictates, that he will do. Since he first ran for Congress, he has consistently demeaned the ethics of political leadership in a democratic society and he has ahead of him four more years in the highest office in the land.

At his hastily called press conference—following an earlier session in which a beleaguered spokesman tried to brush off some fifty Watergate questions by angry reporters—the President finally said what he should have said ten months ago. But of course he could not say it in a forthright manner. He had suddenly decided to launch a personal investigation and "major developments" were now in the offing, thanks to his decisive action. In his familiar self-serving style, he sought to make it appear that he had wrung important concessions from Senator Ervin's committee. Almost single-handedly, he had preserved "executive privilege" and "separation of powers" by his steadfast adherence to high principle. Obviously—as Ronald Zeigler later told the press—the earlier arrogant categorical denials were "inoperative"; now "operative" are the bold, new, hastily improvised obfuscations.

As *chutzpah*, it was quite a performance, but it may not work. It comes much too late. There was too much concealment and obstruction. The first and repeated denials were too sweeping and cocksure. The quick turnaround was too obviously coerced. Appearances are important. It would appear—even if it is not true—that the President decided to talk when he did because he learned that new indictments were imminent. On the face of it, it seems a safe inference that he would not have begun those "intensive new inquiries" if two of the Watergate defendants had not started to talk. Nor would he have acted even then but for the fact that Republicans ranging from Goldwater, Tower, Dominick, Buckley, Agnew and Chotiner—yes, Murray Chotiner—to Aiken, Weicker, Mathias, Packwood, Saxbe, George Bush and Gerald Ford, had begun to insist that he start talking. Nor would these Republicans have been moved to voice their insistence if it had not been for a handful of brilliant reporters on some fine newspapers who would not be put off with arrogant denials, lofty abuse and flip double-talk. From the moment Republican leaders from Right to Left began to put pressure on the President, it was clear that they "knew something" and wanted to position themselves at a good safe distance from him on the Watergate issue. Belated action under severe pressure may be better than keeping up the lofty pretense of noninvolvement, but at best it will evoke approval, not acclaim.

For the moment, the President has perhaps quieted the opposition in his own party, which is what he feared most, but he is still in a corner. To be sure, certain aides, past

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and present—Dean, Chapin, even Haldeman—are easily expendable; their constituencies are not much larger than the executive personnel of the J. Walter Thompson agency. But what about Stans and Mitchell and, ultimately, what about the President himself? CREEP was his committee. Through aides personally selected by him and personally responsible to him, he had complete charge of the campaign. It will not be easy for him to fight clear of that involvement, but never underestimate his capacity for wily maneuver. His best hope would seem to be found in the weakness of the Democratic Party leadership. Senator Mansfield, the Majority Leader, always likes to help a President, any President, in distress. Then, too, party officials have been offered $500,000 or more to settle the civil litigation; that is quite a tidy sum and it might be upped substantially; CREEP is not short of cash. But if the Democrats resist temptation, if they maintain a firm line and a measure of unity, if they insist on full public disclosures, under oath, with the press in attendance, the pressures will mount and some of the President's aides may wisely conclude that they can no more rely on his support than could defendants Hunt and McCord. And if the first tier of the White House guard, present and past, begins to talk, then the full story of Watergate may at last flush out.

The Fading Menace

The Subversive Activities Control Board has been the biggest boondoggle of the postwar decades. Its members did nothing except cash their substantial salary checks ($36,000 a year currently) and live the life of Riley. But it has a history. It came into being when Sen. William Langer collapsed from exhaustion on the Senate floor at 5 A.M. on September 23, 1950, and with his filibuster at an end, the Senate overrode President Truman's veto of the law establishing SACB.

"There exists," the preamble read, "a worldwide revolutionary movement whose purpose it is, by treachery, deceit, infiltration, espionage, sabotage, terrorism and other means to establish a Communist totalitarian dictatorship throughout the world. . . ." The McCarthy era had arrived; Red hunting was the favorite legislative sport; SACB flourished. Stacked with political castoffs, has-beens and hangers-on, it managed to spend $10 million in its twenty-three years of vacuity.

Richard Nixon had much to do with its coming into being, and now he has decreed its death by simply dropping its appropriation from his fiscal 1974 budget. On June 30 SACB officially expires.

Nevertheless, though a menace may die, it always leaves some trace of its ideology, and we still have the House Internal Security Committee, formerly the House Un-American Activities Committee, to shield us from atheistic communism. In a seeming paradox, its chief current enemy is Rep. Robert Drinan (D., Mass.), a Roman Catholic priest and a member of the committee. He points out that in the last two years the committee spent $1,028,-657.21, of which $962,889.43 went for the salaries of the forty-nine employees who serve the nine members.

Representative Drinan also calls attention to the fact

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1973 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 216
No. 18

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee
APR 28 '73

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that in the 92nd Congress a grand total of thirteen bills were referred to the committee, of which three were reported out and all were defeated. The House, he says, is spending "an enormous sum . . . to investigate a problem where problems do not apparently exist." The committee's sole achievement appears to be the maintenance of dossiers on 750,000 Americans, few of whom are aware that they are so honored and who, if they did know, couldn't care less.

The fact is that Red hunting is for the moment at a low point in its cycle of political hysteria. New members of the House, some of them young and contemptuous of tradition, often express surprise that HUAC spawned a successor. "Gee," they exclaim, "is *that* thing still around?"

Its years may in fact be numbered. At last count 101 members voted against its continuance. Its functions, such as they are, will probably be turned over to Judiciary and other committees. Many members keep voting for it to avoid an avalanche of nut mail; its appropriation has been slashed by $100,000, and some members, feeling that they had made their point, voted for continuance with a clear conscience, if not much logic.

Following the trend of the times, Mr. Nixon has also quietly abolished the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice. Walter Lippmann is right: Nixon is a liquidator of sorts, i.e., he liquidates his own follies once they have served his purpose. Yet, the Red hunt, though less actively pursued, remains a device for diverting attention from matters better hidden from view. As a typical instance, the House Internal Security Committee recently made an attempt to hold hearings to confirm a charge by former New York State Commissioner of Corrections Russell G. Oswald that the bloody affray at Attica was instigated by Reds. Oswald—and Governor Rockefeller also—have never thrown off the stigma of the forty-three deaths, of both inmates and hostages, which occurred as a result of their errors of omission and commission. The McKay Report, the product of one of the finest investigations of its kind, makes perfectly clear that communism had nothing to do with the Attica confrontation. However, the House Internal Security Committee's willingness to involve itself proving that it did may have one good result—it should insure the committee's abolition next time around.

The Philippines Temptation

Mark Twain was right—the Philippines were our first real temptation to play the imperial role overseas. The Platt Amendment precluded annexation of Cuba, while in Puerto Rico we were treated as liberators. The Philippines were different. We owed succor and the benefits of American democracy to lesser breeds without the law, especially when the little brown brothers occupied a potentially rich land. There was one obstacle: Admiral Dewey had made the mistake of permitting the rebel Aguinaldo to proclaim a republic before U.S. forces landed. That was awkward, but we were not deterred, although it took three years and cost as much in lives and effort as the whole war with Spain, before the islands were sufficiently pacified so that we could guide the natives in ways of our own choosing.

We were never forthright imperialists like the European colonial powers; there has always been some hypocrisy in our posture. We gave the islands their independence, only not quite. While proclaiming their freedom officially, we tied them to us economically. The bonds, it hardly needs saying, are not with the Filipinos but with their rulers. The present dictator, President Ferdinand Marcos, last fall suspended civil liberties, instituted censorship of the press, and imposed martial law over the entire area.

The ties which bind the Philippines to us are also military. In a revealing speech (*Congressional Record,* April 12) Sen. Alan Cranston quoted from a note to the Philippine Foreign Secretary from John Foster Dulles, explaining the meaning of the Military Mutual Security Agreement of 1951. Said Mr. Dulles:

> . . . an armed attack on the Philippines could not but be also an attack upon the military forces of the United States. As between our nations, it is no legal fiction to say than an attack on one is an attack on both. . . .

Further, our Defense Department, and no doubt President Nixon, could construe "mutual security" as including our aid to put down internal disturbances, such as are now occurring in the Philippines. In 1969 an exchange took place between Sen. Stuart Symington and Lieut. Gen. Robert H. Warren, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for military assistance and sales:

> *Senator Symington*: In other words, we are paying the Philippine Government to protect us from the Philippine people who do not agree with the policies of the government or do not like the Americans.
>
> *General Warren*: To a degree, yes, sir.

Mr. Cranston, quoting this exchange, points out that our two largest bases in the western Pacific—Clark Air Force Base and the Navy's Subic Bay—are in the Philippines. Our total military establishment in the Philippines exceeds 47,000 people, including 22,000 dependents and 1,400 civilian employees. We employ 49,000 Filipinos at U.S. bases at an annual outlay of $150 million, which exceeds the total defense budget of the islands. And, as usual, trade follows the flag. *The Wall Street Journal* (March 12) estimates that direct American investment in the Philippines amounts to $1 billion, and in accordance with a preferential trade relationship between the two countries, Americans have the right to own land, operate public utilities, and exploit natural resources on an equal basis with Filipinos.

None of this bodes any good for the future. We are sitting atop a powder keg alongside our ally, President Marcos, who may become our Ngo Dinh Diem or Nguyen Van Thieu in the Philippines, before we have extricated ourselves from Indochina. Still more ominous, a recent poll showed that 53 per cent of Americans were willing to send troops if the Philippines were "threatened." The Administration is giving the situation a low-profile treatment, in view of our continuing entanglement in Indochina, but it will surely intervene on the side of Marcos, the Filipino upper class and American corporations, if the government starts to fall apart.

Mark Twain warned us at the turn of the century; Senator Cranston is warning us now. The latter draws attention to the National Committee for the Restoration of Civil Liberties in the Philippines, whose members in-

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clude Filipinos, Filipino-Americans, and Americans dedicated to the following goals: (*1*) An immediate end to martial law. (*2*) Restoration of civil rights to Filipinos. (*3*) Release of all political prisoners. (*4*) An end to all American military, economic and technical aid to the Marcos regime.

Under the Nixon dispensation none of these goals is likely to be achieved soon, but if the result of delay is another American involvement on the Indochinese pattern, we cannot say that we did not have fair warning.

The Flight Pay Racket

Rep. Les Aspin calls attention to a long-standing military abuse—the payment of more than $75 million in flight pay each year to nearly 30,000 officers who hold nonflying jobs. That amounts to about one-third of the $228 million which the Pentagon will disburse in flight pay in 1973. In World War II the question was raised whether, particularly in the Air Force, flight pay could be justified at all. It was based on the theory that military flying not only required special skills but was more dangerous than combat on the ground—in many circumstances a questionable premise.

The current form of this subsidy, amounting to an average of $2,500, requires an officer to log a minimum of flying hours per month. This may have nothing to do with the maintenance of skills which might be applied in future aerial combat. The officer might once have been a hot pilot, flying supersonic fighter or fighter-bomber aircraft. But as he ages his reflexes deteriorate and, aside from the burden of administrative or command duties, he would be committing suicide if he tried to continue piloting advanced aircraft. The best he can do is fly a training plane, which is of no advantage to the military.

The Pentagon now proposes that flight pay should be cut off for all officers after twenty-five years of service, but that seems an unacceptable compromise. No officer should receive flight pay unless flying is required by his basic assignment. Here is a chance for the President and Secretary of Defense to show that when they talk economy they mean to save money.

The *Chronicle* vs. the KGB

London

For more than a year, the Soviet secret police has been concerting a drive upon *The Chronicle of Current Events*, underground organ of the so-called Human Rights Movement. Yet in April the anonymous staff of the *Chronicle* marked the fifth anniversary of its founding by circulating still another of its bimonthly bulletins of news from dissenters all over Russia.

The appearance of issue No. 28 was followed by the detention of Grigory Podyapolsky, a 47-year-old geophysicist, in a military hospital for psychiatric examination. Podyapolsky is one of the fifteen men who formed the Action Group for the Defense of Human Rights in the USSR in 1969. The following year, he lost his job at Moscow's Institute of Terrestrial Physics. As a reserve officer in line for promotion to colonel, he was summoned to a medical examination on April 6. The doctor was ready to certify him fit, when a last-minute call changed this into an order for in-patient treatment.

The *Chronicle*'s preceding issue had brought the arrest last December of the Moscow engineer Irina Belogorodskaya. Another leading dissenter and Action Group member, the literary critic and translator Anatoly Yakobson, has been threatened if and when No. 29 appears. If he cooperated with the police in the matter of the *Chronicle*, he would, according to *The Times* of London, be allowed to accept an invitation by the International P.E.N. Club to visit England. These cases seem to constitute a pattern in which suspected contributors to the *Chronicle* are kept hostage to frighten the paper into suspending publication. Three other founding members of the Action Group have already been jailed: the historian Pyotr Yakir, the Moscow economist Victor Krasin and the Kiev cybernetician Leonid Plyushch.

After its first issue in 1968, in the wake of the trial of the writers Yuri Galanskov and Alexander Ginzburg, the *Chronicle* operated for four years with only sporadic harassment. Indeed, the modest carbon-copy typescript relaying the latest names on petitions, arrest warrants and prison camp rosters seemed hardly to warrant a major attack by the authorities. Along with other clandestine writing, it appealed to a very limited audience. Andrei Amalrik, a most vocal protester now completing his latest sentence in a labor camp, estimated the total of active dissenters—those animated by religious conviction, Communist idealists who try to rid the system of its elitist bureaucracy, and humanists who hope to exercise their legal rights—at not more than 2,000.

What presumably irritated Soviet authorities about this scattered band is that they keep in touch with one another through the *Chronicle*. By recording the persistence of those who differ openly with official policies, the *Chronicle* encourages silent sympathizers to give them a hearing and occasional aid.

The irritation of Soviet rulers is exacerbated by the fact that such media forge links with émigré organizations, like the one that reprints the *Chronicle* in Frankfurt. The crowning blow to Soviet prestige stems from the dissemination of these sources to Western readers. An English edition of the *Chronicle* has been published the past two years by Amnesty International, and an anthology of its first eleven numbers—*Uncensored Russia: The Human Rights Movement in the Soviet Union*—has been edited by Peter Reddaway.

What may finally have brought the big guns to bear on this kitchen-cupboard operation is the *Chronicle*'s reputation for accuracy. It has become a primary source for Western analyses of Soviet reality at variance with the official image. A sampling of recent issues reveals religious repression in Lithuania, lists of new prisoners in the Dubrovlag labor camps, arrests and trials of youths demonstrating for "constitutionally guaranteed" civil liberties, as well as news of scholars who plead for open communications with the West. The ultimate value of the *Chronicle*, if it survives another few issues, may be in keeping the names of casualties in the struggle for human rights before the public in the Soviet Union and in the West.

HARVEY FIRESIDE

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ISRAEL AT TWENTY-FIVE

HERBERT KROSNEY
Mr. Krosney is The Nation*'s correspondent in Israel.*

Jerusalem

Israel is to be 25 on May 14. To some that statement is unremarkable. To others, it's a cause for despair, for feelings of revenge, even for out-and-out murder. For some, it's a statement which brings meaning to, even redeems, history itself.

Israel is 25 and the basic fact is that it's a rather normal country, inhabited by life-sized people who are tightly joined in times of challenge and at other times are a hard-working, crazy-driving, unbelievably cantankerous group of human beings. Israelis like to complain, with some justice, that their country may not have any Indians but it does have nearly 3 million Indian chiefs.

In any case, Israel, with its 3 million persons—a population slightly smaller than that of Denmark, its "sister" Socialist democracy in Western Europe, toward whose people Israelis feel and owe a deep sense of gratitude for their unique behavior during the holocaust—is a country where problems of alienation, drugs, women's lib (Jewish women are *all* liberated) remain rather remote. Its people still struggle for those small luxuries that can add a little grace and comfort to life. Inflation is currently rampant and the national goals which absorbed several generations are now being relegated to a more secondary role as Israelis fulfill themselves more and more individually. For all that, Israel remains a bastion of a social idealism reminiscent of the 1930s in the United States. Its people still have faith that society, and especially the Jewish Israeli society, is perfectible. After all, it was the Jews who created the Messianic belief that a society of social justice was possible in this world—and today, it is in Israel, more than in the United States or in any European country, that this idea is being tested.

There are moments of self-doubt. During the Libyan plane disaster there were two or three days when I felt that people were beginning to question themselves—how could we be capable of this? They were grasping at straws for assurance, for answers. A day after the disaster, when I went to lunch near my office, I found my usual waiter avidly reading his newspaper. "Maybe we're not so bad, after all," he said, wishing in his heart of hearts to believe that the French pilot was the bungling idiot that the tidbits of information being released were already indicating him to be. Then followed, not just Dayan's but the entire nation's personalized anger at that poor dead pilot and the Cairo control tower for *their* failure to discover the location of the plane—an anger directed even at the Egyptian antiaircraft forces which had permitted this civilian plane to pass unchallenged over a most delicate part of the Egyptian defenses, thus leading the Israelis into their hasty and erroneous conclusion that the aircraft was "hostile."

Israelis do not believe themselves to be perfect, and at times many of them must wonder if they are indeed perfectible. But they are not murderers. Their seeming arrogance and self-justification come as a mechanism of psychological self-defense. No other people is so aware that a defeat in war means the end of their nation, not merely new boundaries or some different deal for its people. The Jewish people in Israel are still conscious, in Abba Eban's words, that "security, the sheer prospect of surviving physically . . . are very live issues for a people that remembers that in this generation 6 million of its kinsmen were done to death."

Israel at 25 still has one rawly basic problem: its survival. It has one severe philosophical and psychological problem: its meaning as a Jewish state, including such related questions as "who is a Jew?" and all other inquiries relating to self-definition and national purpose. And it has an endless number of practical problems, the chief ones being how to provide proper homes and jobs and opportunity for the flood of Russian Jews who might come (if the Soviet Union would end its restrictive policies), while at the same time providing equal opportunity for those Sephardic Jews who swamped Israel in 1948, 1949 and 1950 with almost a million immigrants, and whose sons are only now beginning to sense the possibility of advancement in Israeli society.

The survival problems are interlinked with security, borders, and the possibilities of effecting a contractual peace agreement with the Arabs. Israelis sometimes wonder if a written agreement will be worth the paper it is written on. The Fatah threat to assassinate any Arab leader who dares to sign such a piece of paper is far more credible than that organization's threat to destroy Israel itself. The Egyptian President, Sadat, has proven himself a will-o'-the-wisp—too weak to make war, not strong enough to lead his country to the peace it so urgently requires. Only Jordan, among the Arab countries, is solid enough to talk with the Israelis; the rest of the Arab leaders are either afraid or still so ideologically antipathetic to Israel that they won't even sit down at the same conference table with its leaders. And Jordan is at times a pariah among its Arab brothers.

Yet Israel's defensive position has never been better. Its strength, relative to that of the Arabs, has probably improved since the Six Day War. Firm American support of Israel has contributed to the nearly three years of no-war, no-peace in the region—what might also be interpreted as a *status quo* which, with the passage of time, becomes more and more firmly entrenched. A local arms industry has made the small country increasingly independent of outside suppliers and, with American help, it seems that within a year or two Israeli-built fighter jets will begin to emerge from the assembly line of Bedek, the Israel Aircrafts Industries. For all I know, they may already be emerging.

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Despite the drama of certain actions of Black September, the Fatah and the Palestine Liberation Organization, and the fact that these groups are concentrating their battle against Israel and certain Arab regimes in Europe rather than in the Middle East, it might be fairly said that under the circumstances, an unwritten peace based on the realities of power is almost as attractive as a formal document.

At home, when it comes to the practical problems of housing, absorption and equal opportunity, difficult problems remain. Perhaps they're to be expected. No society can in twenty-five years solve all its problems, establishing a state and at the same time a society based on perfect justice. I'd like to remove the rose-colored glasses through which many American Jews view Israel. It is, after all, a society where many people don't have very much (although none seem to go hungry, as in the United States), and where even those who do seem to have a lot really don't have that much. It has all the problems of other societies—problems of technology and ecology, of the poor and the rich, of unpleasantness among people and pettiness—there's an awful lot of pettiness in Israeli life. Israelis not only make love and fight wars and go to school and work at boring jobs—they even steal from one another, and occasionally they steal from their government; income tax evasion is epidemic in Israel.

Abba Eban

In short, I suppose the vision of that great early Zionist, Nachum Sokholov, has been attained. He said that he knew his dream of a Jewish state and Jewish normalcy would be achieved when "we have thieves and prostitutes speaking Hebrew."

But one shouldn't forget Israel's accomplishments. I recently interviewed Abba Eban for a special on Israel we were producing for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., and his words sum it up best:

> The rate of growth and the rhythm of development of the society are unparalleled anywhere else. There isn't any other case of a society growing fourfold in its population, or making its export trade multiply from $48 million in 1948 to $2 billion twenty-five years later. There isn't anything in educational history to compare with the fivefold increase in the educational system of the country within twenty-five years. . . .
>
> So that in terms of intense creativity the feeling is that something was pent up within the Jewish people for centuries and it suddenly erupted with an almost unnatural intensity.

The eruption tends to become a bit blurred when it relates to problems of identity. Jews in Israel look upon themselves in close to 3 million ways and it is perhaps only natural that self and national definitions are not uniformly interpreted.

What is clear is that a Jewish people came to the land of Israel some 3,500 years ago. "And I promise that I will bring you out of the affliction of Egypt . . . to a land flowing with milk and honey." In the time before their exile—the 1,200 years recounted by the Bible—the Jews built up a distinctive culture in that land. For their dispersion, they developed codes for survival as a people. And today, they are again developing their national life in the land where they once warred and prospered, the land which they had always remembered.

But what does it mean to be a Jew, a part of the Jewish people? What does it mean in Israel and in the Diaspora, and are the meanings equivalent? Is it religion? Is it nationality? Is it a combination of both? How did the Jewish people survive as a conscious entity for more than 3,500 years? How does one define who is a Jew?

I would not presume to answer these questions with any certitude. By religious law a Jew is either someone born of a Jewish mother or someone who has converted to Judaism. By the definition of many others it is, in Eban's words, "a man who believes that he is a part of Jewish history . . . a voluntary expression of identity . . . somebody who wants to be associated with whatever destiny awaits the Jewish people as a whole."

Peoplehood, in any case, came before religion, though the two are now inextricably mixed. In a modern, mostly secular state (despite hangovers of power in certain areas held by the Orthodox rabbis) problems of identity are bound to contain the element of self-definition, and such problems inevitably wind their way into Israeli law

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Anwar el-Sadat

courts or the halls of the Knesset, Israel's parliament.

Take Oswald Rufeison, for instance, a 51-year-old resident of Haifa. He was born in Poland. His mother and his whole family were Jewish. In his youth he was an active Zionist and during World War II worked in the Polish underground, saving many from the Nazis. His application to the Israeli Supreme Court to be recognized as a Jew under the Law of Return raised the problem of who is a Jew in Israel in its fullest modern implications. For Oswald Rufeison, a sweet and decent man engaged in pastoral work and social counseling in the Haifa and Western Galilee areas, is now known as Brother Daniel, a member of the Roman Catholic Carmelite Order in Haifa.

The Israeli Supreme Court rejected Brother Daniel's petition to be recognized as a Jew, although he could be an Israeli citizen. It is, after all, not enough to have a Jewish mother, not enough to want to associate with the destiny of the Jewish people and nation, as Brother Daniel so sincerely does. It doesn't matter if you lose your religious faith altogether, the Court said; but if you convert out of Judaism, that will be seen as an active step of separation from Jewish peoplehood.

Consider the problem of civil marriage, or the lack of it, in Israel. Most Israelis participate in a religious ritual when they marry. So do most people in the Western world, but for Israelis there is no other way to marry. Here, marriage as well as birth, death and divorce are exclusively within the province of the religious authorities—a power granted to them by the state. Israel's secularists object and have made civil marriage an issue in the Knesset, threatening the delicately built coalition between the religious and nonreligious political parties.

Christians may marry Christians, Moslems Moslems, and Jews Jews according to Israeli law. Actually, the decision that religious (or ethnic) communities should manage their own affairs in the Holy Land goes back several centuries to the Turks who, being able administrators, decreed that each community should exercise as much autonomy as possible when it came to such matters. This practice was followed also by the British during the period of the Mandate. Chief Rabbi Shlomo Goren, considered a liberal, says on this issue that to grant the possibility of civil marriage "would mean a disaster of the spiritual structure of our life." The Independent Liberal Party, led by former Atty. Gen. Gideon Hausner, has challenged this doctrine in the Knesset and its action could conceivably break up the present coalition government.

A modern state can create havoc with some of the Halachic laws whereby the Jewish people preserved themselves for so many thousands of years. And these laws go to the heart of the question, "What is a Jewish state, and does it have a special meaning?" How much authority—if any—must one cede to the religious authorities? Israelis don't have the answers to such questions and to break the *status quo* is to create violent internal argument.

What about the 350,000 Arabs who are Israeli citizens? Most of the early Zionists were optimistic that the Jewish and Arab peoples could live together in a Jewish country. These Arabs are accorded full legal rights, but they fail by any definition of Jewishness. More than 75 per cent of them are Moslems, 20 per cent Christians, with a considerable Druze minority. Many are members of the Histadrut, the labor union of Israel. There are Arab members of parliament, Arab doctors, lawyers and teachers. They are part of the fabric of Israeli life, but they sometimes feel themselves second-class citizens. If the Jew must merge his identity into oneness with the land of Israel, he must also come to terms with the fact that close to 15 per cent of the citizens of the state of Israel are Arabs.

How do these Arabs feel about basic loyalties and their relationship with the state of Israel? An overwhelming majority, in fact just about all of them, seem loyal to the state. One of my good friends is Omar Othesman, a highly educated Arab Israeli, a graduate of Hebrew University and the principal of an Arab elementary school in Abu Gosh. He lives with his wife and two children in a village near Jerusalem. Omar tells me, "In fact, first of all I feel as an Arab. And the second thing, I am Israeli. As an Arab, because I was born an Arab, born as a Moslem. But at the same time I grew up in a Jewish state, so my second loyalty is to the state where

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I live. But my first loyalty is to my source as an Arab."

No one, anywhere, lives without conflicting loyalties. A human being has a circle of concentric demands upon his loyalty. Israelis clearly owe their loyalty to the state but many, including the top leaders, believe that they owe an even greater loyalty to the Jewish people as a whole.

"What are you?" I asked a number of Israelis. "How do you define yourself?" Here are some of the answers:

"I am a Jew, which for me, includes everything else. It includes being an Israeli; it includes being a human being. . . ."

"I'm a Jew because I was born a Jew."

"I consider myself an Israeli first of all, not a Jew."

"I don't separate these two things. I am Jewish and I am Israeli."

"My daughter's a Sabra and she won't have all these complexes of Jew or Israeli. She'll be O.K."

"I'm looking for my roots in Judaism in this world. But I think that as a modern man I am a problem of identity."

I recall asking Mrs. Meir a related question in an interview about a year ago, and her answer was that the state was not in this stage of history a finite entity. "We perspired and we dreamed to build Israel, and it was not just for the 3 million Jews who live here today—this is not the end—it was for all the Jews, including the Jews in Russia, so that they could come and so that they could find a full life here."

David Ben-Gurion believes that Israel is still only on the road toward the establishment of a Jewish state: "We'll really have a Jewish state," he says, "when we have half the Jews living here—and not until then."

Israelis, in other words, are very conscious that they are in transition toward something bigger and better. There is no sense of completeness about Israel; that must still be realized. And the fate of the state, in the eyes of Israelis, is intricately wound up with the fate of the Jewish people as a whole.

The "central disappointment" of the first twenty-five years of Israel's existence is, in Abba Eban's words, "the absence of peace." But, he adds, the next twenty-five years will also have to face a number of other questions:

> Will the human empirical, liberal elements in Israeli tradition triumph over the impulses of extreme nationalistic fervor?
>
> Will Orthodox Jews understand the necessity of solving the human problems which are inherent in a modern state and thus avoid a clash between themselves and the secular community which cannot possibly end in their favor?
>
> Will Israel give a proper priority to intellectual and scientific and spiritual effort, understanding that as a small country it must give full weight to quality rather than quantity?

Chaim Weizmann, the first President of Israel, once said that the Jews needed two Messiahs: one to take the Jews out of exile and the second to take the exile out of the Jews. Israel's identity as a Jewish state is not yet complete, nor may it ever be fully understood or subject to universal agreement. Who is a Jew? More fundamentally, is there a special meaning to a Jewish state? What is it to be an Israeli?

Definitions do not come easily, nor may there be a need for a single definition. Israel's young people, perhaps more than in many other countries, know who they are, sense who they are becoming. But the problems remain—problems rooted in the ancient promise, problems of survival, problems of identity. In Biblical times the Jews spent forty years in the desert finding an identity as a people and defining their relationship with God. Today, in a modern state, forty more years may well be needed to reformulate that Jewish identity. □

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

ASSAULTS ON A GREAT IDEA

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Of all the unsettling results of the malaise of the 1960s the most ominous may be the erosion of America's faith in public education as a cultural and social element in building a sense of national community. This weakening of commitment to public education stems partly from a resurgence of older separatist and centrifugal tendencies in American society, and partly from the thrashing about for ways to loosen up what is described as a rigid and inhumane system. It reflects a general loss of respect for authority in government, school, university, church and community arising from the war in Vietnam, the youth counter-culture, demands for cultural separatism and the militant search for racial or ethnic identity.

The general quest for "alternatives" to the existing system is in part deliberately designed to weaken public education, in part unaware that it may have that effect. It is the convergence and mutual reinforcement of so many forces—political, social, economic, racial, religious and intellectual—that makes the search for "alternatives" so beguiling. But if the American people should become disenchanted with the idea of the public school and turn in significant numbers to other means of education, they will weaken, perhaps beyond repair, a basic component of democratic American society.

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The clamor for "alternatives" undermines the basic meaning of the public school, which was hammered out in the considerable consensus achieved during nearly two centuries of American history. That there was a consensus may be seen in the fact that by 1900 about 92 per cent of elementary and secondary schoolchildren were in public schools. Thereafter, major efforts by religious groups doubled the proportion of children in nonpublic schools by the 1960s (to 14 or 15 per cent), but this enrollment has since declined to around 10 per cent. The fact that 90 per cent of American children are today in public schools does not necessarily mean that all the aspects of public education discussed below are universally accepted, but they are identifiable elements of the public school idea. In the consensus, public schools have been characterized primarily as having a public purpose, public control, public support, public access and public commitment to civic unity.

Purpose

A public school serves a public purpose rather than a private one. It is not maintained for the personal advantage or private gain of the teacher, the proprietor or the board of managers; nor does it exist simply for the enjoyment, happiness or advancement of the individual student or his parents. It may, indeed it should, enhance the vocational competence, or upward social mobility, or personal development of individuals, but if that were all a school attempted, the job could be done as well by a private school catering to particular jobs, or careers or leisure-time enjoyment.

Rather, the prime purpose of the public school is to serve the general welfare of a democratic society, by assuring that the knowledge and understanding necessary to exercise the responsibilities of citizenship are not only made available but actively inculcated. "If," said Thomas Jefferson, "a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be."

Achieving a sense of community is the essential purpose of public education. This work cannot be left to the vagaries of individual parents, or small groups of like-minded parents, or particular interest groups, or religious sects, or private enterprisers or cultural specialties. Thus, when the population became ever more heterogeneous after the mid-19th century, the need for compulsory education became increasingly apparent to the lawmakers of the states and of the Union.

Today, however, this basic point is almost entirely overlooked in the furor over the studies of inequality in schools, stemming from the Coleman report of 1966 and expanded upon since by the studies at Harvard of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Christopher Jencks and others. Their generalizations that public schools have not overcome economic inequality among races or social classes have led to a general impression that public schools do not make much difference and that the compensatory education advocated by reformers since the mid-1960s has generally failed. Economy-minded politicians pick up this theme with glee and racial minorities are discouraged that just as they are finally making some headway toward equal opportunity in the schools, the word comes down from the scholars, "Don't bother; the public schools don't really matter that much."

To make matters worse, Ivan Illich, Everett Reimer and other radical critics preach that the schools are really instruments of oppression whereby the ruling class maintains itself in power and instills in the other classes attitudes of subservience designed to support the *status quo*. Illich and Reimer argue that, to effect genuine social change, the society must be "deschooled" and all kinds of informal and nonformal means of community education fostered instead. Compulsory attendance must be abolished, so that children, youth and adults of the oppressed classes may be free to develop their distinctive talents and not be forced into a mold by a monolithic and oppressive public school system.

So the discussion has focused on the *economic* inequalities among classes and races and the inability of public schools to remedy what the entire society has wrought. However, there is still enormous disagreement about these generalizations. The historic and comparative evidence is overwhelming that American public schools have been one major factor in producing a higher per capita economic level in America than in any other country, but that is not the critical point here. Even if Jencks should turn out to be right, that compensatory education for the disadvantaged in our society is unable to reduce the economic gap between the rich and the poor, the *economic* argument is not and never has been the fundamental reason for compensatory education. That reason is the public purpose of *justice*. Our conception of a just society based upon principles of liberty and equality requires a public education available to all.

John Rawls, professor of philosophy at Harvard, sees this point more clearly than do his colleagues in the social sciences and education. In order to provide genuine equality of opportunity a just society must give special attention to those born into less favorable social positions. "The value of education should not be assessed only in terms of economic efficiency and social welfare. Equally if not more important is the role of education in enabling a person to enjoy the culture of his society and *to take part in its affairs*, and in this way to provide for each individual a *secure sense of his own worth.*" (*A Theory of Justice*, Harvard University Press.)

If public schools also enable the disadvantaged to improve their economic position, as I believe in the long run they undoubtedly do, that is a social dividend, but the original purpose of public education in the early 19th century was not to provide vocational education or prepare people for jobs. That addendum came along in response to the industrialization and technological specialization of the economy in the later 19th and early 20th centuries. To make the achievement of equal economic condition appear to be the *prime* purpose of public schools and to dismiss rather casually the school system as a "marginal institution" because it does not produce that equality (as Jencks does) is to ignore the fundamental *political* purpose of public education. In the words of Justice Frankfurter, "The school should be the training ground for habits of community." *That* is the ground on which the public schools should be criticized for failure,

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and where effort should be exerted for improvement. And that is the area in which there really is no genuine alternative to the public schools.

Control

A public school is one that is under the control of public authorities who own and manage the schools and who are responsible to the people either directly by election or indirectly through publicly designated officers of the civil government. It is significant that Americans speak of "public" schools rather than of "state" or "government" schools, as is the custom in many countries. The term signifies an institution that is directly responsible to the people rather than to one of the legislative, executive or judicial branches of government. Indeed, the distinctive form of school government (the elected lay board of education) was intended to keep the public school responsive to local community interests, yet somewhat free of the narrow partisan politics or bureaucratic controls of the other branches of local government.

In the 19th century it was hoped that a balance would be struck between a central and common authority lodged in the state constitutions, state legislatures and state departments of education, and a flexible operation and management lodged in the local boards of education. However, in the 20th century the matter of control became more complicated when the federal courts increasingly acknowledged their responsibility to interpret the principles of freedom and equality as defined in the Bill of Rights and applied them to all public schools in the states. Although Americans habitually say that public education is a state and not a federal matter, the most difficult and sensitive problems in the past two decades have arisen over federal constitutional issues in the areas of religion and racial segregation.

And in this process the public schools have become a battleground for control by special group interests, some feeling justified because they believe they have not had a fair share in the control of "their" public schools, and others because they have feared the intrusion of "outsiders" into "their" neighborhood schools. The demand of blacks in the urban centers for "community control" or for decentralization is one example of the asserted need to shape local schools to the desires of local groups rather than that such groups be forced to accept teachers or budgets or curricula handed down from some unsympathetic and remote bureaucracy. On the other hand, local white "communities" have declared the right to keep their neighborhood schools white, on the principle of local control and in defiance of desegregation orders by federal courts or central educational authorities.

But the struggles over control are complicated far beyond the question of desegregation. A resurgence of hostility to bureaucratic formalism has led to demands for greater free enterprise in the domain of education. This discontent ranges from demands for "free" or "open" schools to outcries against curriculum or professional requirements that particular groups have felt were irrelevant to their special interests. This attitude fits with the clamor for parents' "freedom of choice" to determine the kind of education they want for their children—whether segregated education for whites or blacks only, or religious education for Catholics or Protestants or Jews only, or political education for radicals or conservatives only. And as the clamor has grown it has seemed easy to argue that such goals could be better achieved by "alternative" schools. So a Southern reaction to desegregation orders was to seek ways to abolish the free public schools and set up free private schools (with public funds, of course). Some advocates of private enterprise saw this as an opening to get public support for proprietary schools of many kinds. Others saw it as an opportunity to claim that private companies could do a better educational job in the public schools than could the teaching profession, and "performance contracts" were signed with some boards of education to deliver the educational goods for a price and with an efficiency that would outmode the traditional faculty. So far, the evidence in favor of "performance contracting" is dubious, to say the least.

Demands for "accountability" and "management efficiency" and "competency based teacher education" added heat to the arguments over who should control what in the public schools. Meanwhile, the organized teaching profession has launched collective bargaining struggles in most major cities over matters of salary, appointment, tenure and benefits. This has brought teachers and administrators into confrontation not only with the elected boards of education but also with "community demands" that teachers be black or white or religious or ethnic in conformity with the majorities in given neighborhoods. There is no doubt that militancy improves the conditions of professional employment, but it also raises uneasy questions about the control of public schools.

In many of the struggles for control the interests of special groups have taken precedence over the search for rational allocations of authority among local, state and national requirements. The *constitutional* commands of the First Amendment for liberty and the Fourteenth Amendment for equality are in danger of being lost in the uproar, as they have been lost in other aspects of the political process.

The tendency has been to assume that the public school systems are bureaucratically rigid and must be bent to serve the interests of disparate groups. And if the public schools are harmed in the process, too bad; they weren't all that good anyway. The need, rather, is to devise ways of reconciling diverse individual and group freedoms with the common and general freedom. Somehow, as Rawls puts it, in a just society each person is to have an equal right to the most extensive total system of equal basic liberties compatible with a similar system of liberty for all; and any social or economic inequalities are to be so arranged that they adhere to the greatest benefit of the least advantaged. Control of the public schools should be sought in these terms, not simply as means to serve majority or minority or group interests locked in combat.

Support

A public school is primarily supported by public funds raised by taxation at the local, state and federal levels. It does not rely heavily on direct financial charges upon the student or his parents in the form of fees or tuition.

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Support of education through general taxation was achieved only after a long and bitter fight. It had to overcome the belief that education depended on parental ability to pay and that private tuition was a perfectly natural way to obtain education along with other social goods. But the appeal to the public good gradually won a consensus that general taxation was the only means by which education could be made available to all comers no matter what their economic status.

From the beginning, however, it was clear that local school districts would differ widely in their ability to support public schools or indeed in their willingness to tax themselves for the purpose. The states have thus gone through long and complicated procedures to *require* local districts to tax themselves and to try to equalize the provision of schooling by all sorts of financial formulas for state aid. In recent years it is even being argued (in the *Serrano* case in California) that the local property

IN A MANNER RESTRAINED

The decision of the Supreme Court in the school finance case *(San Antonio Independent School District* v. *Rodriguez)* is an apparent model of judicial restraint. Despite the evident and conceded injustice of a system which creates and depends upon rich and poor school districts, the Court shrank from extending equal protection to the victimized schoolchildren in the forty-nine state systems at risk in the case.

Yet the notion that *Rodriguez* is "restrained" can be understood only in a formalistic way. It may be true that the Court chose inaction; it did not thereby avoid choosing sides on the question of educational policy. Indeed, in practical effect *Rodriguez* represents a judicial stifling of the democratic process on questions of school finance and governance. Justice Powell's majority opinion may shout judicial restraint to the housetops, but all that has effectively been restrained is the creative energy of state legislatures that had been tooling up to comply with a constitutional norm that spending may not be a function of school district wealth. These plans will quietly expire; the Court has effectively legislated the *status quo.*

To grasp this irony one must perceive the central feature of the politics of school finance. School districts with little taxable property per pupil ("poor" districts) clamor for reform; "rich" districts with high spending, low taxes and political power dig in their heels. Neither group can by itself command a legislative majority. Historically, the districts of middling wealth have been decisive in maintaining the discrimination. They have little incentive to make league with the poor districts, since it is uncertain that any reform will enlarge the total educational pie. Indeed, for the middle-wealth districts, reform presents an alternative risk—the possible loss of local control over budgets in a spasm of legislative egalitarianism. Such an outcome is neither necessary nor likely, but why chance it simply to achieve justice for one's poorer neighbors? Hence the structural impossibility of assembling a legislative majority for genuine reform.

The Court's projected role—much as in reapportionment—was merely to end this systematic impasse and thus open up the political process. All that was needed was a relatively simple rule forbidding the creation by the state of rich and poor school districts. Such a rule would permit any educationally rational alternative system, centralized or decentralized, that was "fiscally neutral"—and many were suggested. A judicial mandate of fiscal neutrality would have the political result of converting the indifference of districts of average wealth into support for reform, precisely because an unrespected court order would give them something to lose—stability and predictability in the system.

The rejection of this role by the Nixon Court shuts off the opportunity in this decade—perhaps this generation—to focus the political processes of the states upon school reform. Another Court in another time may note that the judicial withdrawal in 1973 produced no alteration or experimentation in Austin, Springfield or Albany; it may conclude on that basis that its duty lies at last in prying open legislative minds long sequestered from the enduring issues. This possibility is little comfort to children whose experience of society's commitment is now.

Yet there is hope for many, and this from a curious quarter. Even as the federal court immures the legislatures, some may be liberated by their own state judges operating under state constitutions. This has already occurred in Kansas where the mandate of a state court was followed by passage of a sweeping reform bill. It was, of course, the California Supreme Court which originally observed in *Serrano* v. *Priest* that the accident of school district wealth is an illegitimate basis for fixing the limits of a child's education. Fortunately, the California justices seem also to have grounded their opinion separately upon the state as well as upon the federal Constitution. If that be the case, the rule remains law in California, and is not subject to federal reversal; it is permitted but not required by the *Rodriguez* result. The California court must, in a year or so, face final decision on this very question, but there is every reason to expect that *Serrano* will survive intact. It is also fair to predict that this result will be congenial to the California legislature. As in Kansas, its leaders expect to embark upon reform with serenity and confidence once the court has declared it to be constitutionally necessary. However, if *Serrano* fails, the game is over.

In New Jersey, Wyoming and perhaps Michigan, the state Supreme Courts appear headed for a similar outcome under the state constitutions, and a trial court in Arizona has reached a parallel conclusion. These surprising heroics by state judges no doubt are assisted by the confidence that taxpayers (rich and poor) living in poor districts perceive the result to be in their interest.

So the "laboratory" of federalism may work after all, and in a new and curious way, led by unexpected champions. Reform in half a dozen states with a quarter of the nation's population could provide an example of rationality and fairness which ultimately might prove infectious. That is the kind of consolation prize which will keep serious reformers in the game. It also poses clearly the unprecedented responsibility of state judges to face the basic constitutional issues.

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tax system is essentially so unequal in its ability to provide educational facilities that it violates the Fourteenth Amendment's command for equal protection of the laws; states may thus have to turn from local property taxes for the purpose and adopt statewide taxation.

While the U.S. Supreme Court by 5 to 4 denied this line of argument in a Texas case during March, the New Jersey Supreme Court ruled in April that the New Jersey constitutional requirement for equal educational opportunity outlaws the local property tax as the prime means of support for public schools. Furthermore, the rapidly increased use of federal funds represented by the Elementary and Secondary School Act of 1965 recognized, at least implicitly, that inequality of resources among the states would necessitate a *federal* basis for public school support.

But just when it began to look as though federal support of public schools would finally begin to make a difference, some 200 years after the first federal land grants were made under the ordinances of the 1780s, the clamor for public support of private and religious schools was renewed, this time aided by the President himself. During the 19th and most of the 20th centuries Catholic opposition to federal aid (unless it included Catholic schools in the aid) had prevented the allocation of general federal funds for public schools. Finally, a compromise was reached in 1965 after a quiescent period of ecumenicism in the early 1960s, and thereafter the drive for public funds for private schools gained momentum as the costs of schooling rose and enrollments in private schools dropped.

Whereas in the 1940s and 1950s the claims for public aid for parochial schools had been for auxiliary services such as bus transportation, textbooks, health services and the like, now the campaign is for direct support, and gains have been made in many states for one form or another of public assistance: aid to private schools for buildings or for reimbursement of the costs of testing and record keeping required by the state (a New York State law of 1970 was struck down by a federal court in 1972); payment of salaries for teaching secular subjects (Pennsylvania and Rhode Island laws were struck down by the Supreme Court in June 1971); grants for tuition to low-income parents (Pennsylvania and New York laws were struck down by federal courts in 1972); and tax credits or rebates on income tax payments. Several of these cases are now before the Supreme Court, and a landmark decision is expected by June. Just a few weeks ago a federal court stopped payment of New Jersey state funds to private and parochial schools.

Again, these matters hinge upon the constitutional ban on the allocation of state funds to religious schools. But religious and other private groups have persistently argued that parents and churches have prior rights over the state in the realm of education. They insist that the public pool of tax moneys raised for public education should be divided among parents and churches to support schools of their choice.

And now comes along a plan whereby parents are given vouchers representing public funds, with which they can shop around among various "alternatives." Even the federal government through the Office of Economic Opportunity has promoted a trial of such schemes. In some cases the vouchers are good only within the public school system, but the principle can easily be extended by Roman Catholics to include their schools, or by private entrepreneurs to include theirs, or by white or black separatists to include theirs. A wholesale application of the idea would further undermine the public schools, whose budgets in recent years have encountered ever tougher resistance in local elections.

It is odd that President Nixon and Governor Rockefeller can plead on one hand the shortage of funds for public schools and at the same time promise Catholic voters that they will do all they can to assign tax funds to nonpublic schools. And revenue-sharing will increase pressure at the local level to use the federal funds thus shared for nonpublic schools. Since social science investigators now claim that more money does not really improve the quality of education, it is curious that private schools still seem to think that more money would improve the quality of *their* schools. And still more curious is the outrage expressed against bussing to achieve desegregation in the public schools, when it is juxtaposed with the enthusiastic campaign to use public funds to *assist* bussing of children to parochial schools. In any case, the support of public schools from public funds is weakened whenever dissident groups press for their solutions rather than a public school solution.

Access

Public schools are intended to provide access freely and openly to all persons, irrespective of class, religion, race, ethnic or national origin, or sex. Ideally, a public school is thus a school common to all in the society and does not discriminate among pupils on grounds other than educational achievement and age. As everyone knows, however, it was not until 1954 that the principle of equal access was defined unequivocally by the Supreme Court. Before that, the United States had long condoned a dual system of schools for blacks and whites, *de jure* in the South and *de facto* in many parts of the North and West; and with somewhat analogous conditions for American Indians on reservations, and for Spanish-speakers in

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the Southwest. But in the *Brown* decision the Supreme Court said, "We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." After nearly 150 years the racially disjunctive system of schools in the South began painfully and slowly to coalesce.

Then, as desegregation finally began to be accepted in the South after a decade of confrontations between state and federal authorities and violence in the schools and universities, the action shifted from the legal segregation in the South to the *de facto* segregation in the cities and suburbs of the North. And so the bussing issue came to the fore, as the courts agreed that, when all else failed, bussing had to be tried. Somehow, the Supreme Court said in April 1971, the dual school system *had* to be dismantled in conformity with the requirement of "equal protection of the laws" of the Fourteenth Amendment. Yet, while the proportion of blacks in majority white schools of the South had grown to some 40 per cent, it remained at around 27 per cent in the North and West, and in the large Northern cities it was actually decreasing.

So not only did bussing become an explosive political issue by 1972 but also black nationalists themselves began to argue for separatism and seemed to retreat to resegregation in order to gain more control over their own community schools. In September 1970 the Congress of Racial Equality apparently rejected the goal of integration and officially adopted a public school plan in Mobile that would produce "desegregation without integration," a view scarcely distinguishable from the Plessy doctrine of "separate but equal."

At that point, the President and most political leaders were not only not trying to save the public school idea of open access in the face of the bussing clamor but were actually casting a fog over the once widely held faith in the value of common schools to be used by all segments of the community. This could be taken only as an official blessing to the white flight to the suburbs that had accelerated during the decade when the federal courts were defining the goals of integration and of equality demanded by the Constitution. Only a few voices were arguing that integrated public schools *could* be a powerful antidote for the racist attitudes that infected the country, North and South, East and West.

Too little thought was being given to the findings that black pupils did better in integrated schools, or that even if they did not do better academically, they were spared the damage to personality and self-respect endemic in the dual system. It had become clear to the peoples of the world that the most virulent residue of the colonial empires was the resentment against the psychological degradation of being treated as inferiors by colonial masters. What white Americans could not seem to understand was that a similar resentment among blacks was a bitter residue of the dual school system and of continuing humiliation in schools where legal desegregation had been achieved but genuine integration had not even been tried. What was forgotten was that a major task of a public school system was to achieve a truly integrative social and cultural atmosphere wherein students could learn the meaning of mutual dignity, acceptance and self-respect across social and ethnic lines. But that is a task which the public schools cannot adequately undertake while beset by drives to resegregation or separatism, whether in the city ghettos or in the suburban gardens. And if the Nixon Supreme Court should reverse or substantially weaken the constitutional decisions of two decades, the cause would become immeasurably more difficult.

Civic Unity

Finally, public schools have a commitment to elevate the civic goal of unity above the particularist goals of special and self-serving interests in the society. This is one of the most sensitive and complicated of all the tasks of public education, for it is extremely difficult to draw the line between the values of diversity (which a democratic society prizes) and of divisiveness (which may threaten the very society itself). Most modern school systems in the world are torn by two conflicting drives: on the one hand, to help build national unity out of diverse racial, cultural, ethnic, religious and linguistic groups, and, on the other, to honor the drive of particularist groups that demand their own schools for the teaching of different languages, religious beliefs, ethnic customs or regional aspirations. The modernizing world abounds in examples. In 1947 India and Pakistan had to divide along such lines before each could start to build a nation. Since then, India has struggled with the surging forces of more than a dozen major languages, while irreconcilable Bangladesh has split off from Pakistan. Nigeria averted a spin-off of a major ethnic group in its civil war. And a score of nations keep searching for ways to reconcile the separatist drives with the nation-building drive. Division among groups leads to demand for separate schools; separate schools in turn strengthen and perpetuate the group divisions.

The United States evaded the worst of the divisive cultural conflicts in the 18th and 19th centuries, mainly by forbidding the state to intrude in religious matters except to guarantee religious freedom for all. This separation of church and state did not come about easily; but with the adoption of the First Amendment in 1791 and with similar enactments in state constitutions, the worst of the religious violence and antagonisms that wracked Germany, France, the Netherlands, Italy and Spain in the Reformation wars (and Northern Ireland to this day) were avoided here. To be sure, not all has been sweetness and light, but in general the trend has been to reduce the religious and especially the sectarian characteristics of public schools over a period of 150 years. Sometimes this has been done on a principle of religious freedom and separation of church and state; sometimes on a purely pragmatic basis that diverse religious groups could not agree on the specifics of religious instruction, or doctrine, or creed, or devotional exercises that should be required of all children in a common school.

No matter what the reason, the ideal of the public school as a "symbol of our secular society" was nowhere better stated than by Mr. Justice Frankfurter in the *McCollum* case in 1948:

> Designed to serve as perhaps the most powerful agency for promoting cohesion among a heterogeneous

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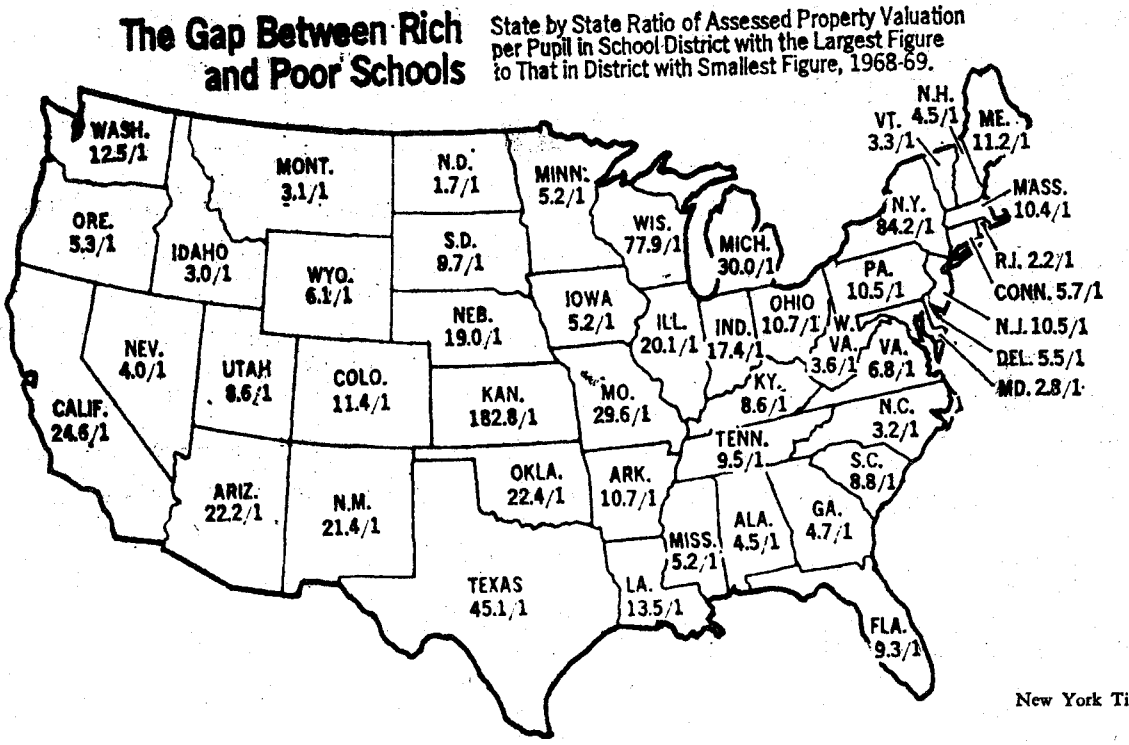

democratic people, the public school must keep scrupulously free from entanglement in the strife of sects. . . . The public school is at once the symbol of our democracy and the most pervasive means for promoting our common destiny. In no activity of the State is it more vital to keep out divisive forces than in its schools, to avoid confusing, not to say fusing, what the Constitution sought to keep strictly apart. "The great American principle of eternal separation"—Elihu Root's phrase bears repetition—is one of the vital reliances of our Constitutional system for assuring unities among our people stronger than our diversities. It is the Court's duty to enforce this principle in its full integrity.

But a short twenty-five years after this ringing declaration of faith in the public school, what do we find? Public education is being described by some of our radical revisionist historians of education as no more than illusion or legend or myth. Such radical critics know exactly what they are doing. They see the public school system as standing in the way of revolutionary social change, as do the other institutions of representative government, economy and religion. But their arguments are only part of the story and probably not the most important part. The undermining of the idea of public education by conservatives, liberals and the politically neutral or naive is probably even more significant. For now, all five aspects of the meaning of public schools are being eroded in both direct and subtle ways, and when the entire picture is put together it is probably not too extreme to say that a basic reversal of one of our fundamental institutions may be looming for the first time in nearly 200 years. Wouldn't it be ironically tragic if in 1976 we were to "celebrate" the Bicentennial anniversary of the American Revolution by abolishing the public school?

Lest this should happen, I believe that there must be a mobilization to insist that the public schools concentrate as they never have before on the task of building a sense of civic cohesion among all the people of the country. This should become the chief priority for educational planning, curriculum development, organization, research and experimentation. I am not calling for a new patriotism of law and order, nor for loyalty oaths, nor a nationally imposed curriculum in "civics," nor flag salutes, nor recitation of prayers or pledges of allegiance. But I do believe that we require the renewal of a civic commitment that seeks to reverse and overcome the trend to segmented and disjunctive "alternatives" serving narrow or parochial or racist interests.

Our people are badly divided and dispirited, if not demoralized, by trials they underwent in the late 1960s and early 1970s. They badly need a spark to rekindle the sense of community. That is what the French meant when they coined the term *civisme* to denote the principles of good citizenship, the attitudes, virtues and disposition devoted to the cause of the French Revolution of 1789. It was from a similar urgency that the founders of this country argued that a new republic needed an appropriately republican education to assure the stability and success of a democratic government and democratic society. The nation and the world are drastically different nearly 200 years later, but that is only the more reason to concentrate on what the new civism should be and what the public education system should do.

I believe the chief end of American public education is the promotion of a new civism appropriate to the principles of a just society in the United States and a just world community. We have forgotten or simply mouthed these goals; now we must advance them in full seriousness as the first order of business for the future.

Whatever else the general guidelines of the new civism

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should be, they will be found by renewing the principles of justice, liberty and equality summarized in the Bill of Rights of the Constitution and applied to the states by the Fourteenth Amendment. So far, the federal courts have seen this fact more clearly than have the legislatures or the politicians or the organized teaching profession itself. They have been more faithful to the basic meaning of public education than have the profession, the critics, the reformers or the local or state boards of education.

We must take the judicial doctrines seriously. While the social scientists argue and wrangle over their empirical data, the people of America must preserve their public school system by concerted political action so that there will be something to improve. We can no more dismantle our public schools, or let them be eroded, than we can dismantle our representative government, or our courts or our free press. This is not to say that important changes are not necessary; it *is* to say that undermining free public education is tantamount to undermining the free society itself. In this respect the radicals are correct: the question is whether the government and the society are worth saving. It is my opinion that they are. Therefore I believe that public education must be rejuvenated.

It is a task worth the best efforts of all concerned citizens—professional organizations, political parties, voluntary groups, Common Cause, and all other good-government organizations. If we mean to maintain and improve a cohesive and just society based upon liberty, equality and fraternal civism, there *is* no alternative to the public schools. □

CAJUN REQUIEM

DREDGING THE ATCHAFALAYA

ROY BONGARTZ
Mr. Bongartz, author of Twelve Chases on West 99th Street *(Houghton Mifflin), and for many years a* Nation *contributor, is completing a book on the small towns of America.*

A warm, somnolent stretch of greenish, misty river that flows along sluggishly for a hundred miles between low horizons of swampland dotted with cypress, willow and live oak has always served as a wilderness boundary hiding the isolated and still mysterious Cajun country of southwestern Louisiana. This is the fabulous Atchafalaya River—the world's deepest—that, with its 20-mile-wide basin of tributary bayous, and ponds and lakes and pine forests dark at noontime, holds apparently endless treasures of crawfish, crabs, oysters, shrimps, frogs, turtles, alligators, buffalo fish, gaspergou, mullet, choupique, paddlefish, catfish and bass, with small mammals such as nutria, mink and raccoon thriving in their ideal hideouts ashore.

But like so many other good, quiet places of our country, including the Cajun communities it borders, the Atchafalaya is under attack by people who mainly want to make money out of it—in this case the oilman, the lumberman, the bargeman, the shell dredger and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Already it is clear that this natural abundance cannot survive these forces that, indirectly and unintentionally, but quite surely, work to destroy it. Keeping the wildlife alive seems about to become the same kind of task that it has been to try to hold onto some true outposts of the neighboring language, Cajun French. You can still fish and hunt in the Atchafalaya, and you can still hear French, but you had better do both very soon—this year—if you intend to do it here at all.

Yet there is some hope that the pressures on this wild area may be turned back. Fishermen, outdoorsmen, bird watchers, hunters and conservationists have banded together to try to save the basin. One local fisherman, Ben Skerret, is president of a group trying to have the river set aside as a wildlife and recreation area. He says, "There is no area anywhere else in the country that has the same effect on me that the Atchafalaya Basin does. I think it has a beauty all its own. When you get out there in the basin early in the morning and you see those large long-necked white birds, like heron and grosbeak—all those birds flying from their roosting places out to the forest for food—it's something to behold. It really is." Already Skerret's group has persuaded the Corps of Engineers to quit dumping liquid spoils from dredging operations into swamp waters where fish are spawning; the Corps eventually built ring levees in the river to contain the waste.

But the Corps, still intent on its primary missions of flood control and dredging for navigation, has already lowered water levels and spoiled some fishing grounds. Skerret gamely tries to see both sides of the picture, and anyway he cannot bring himself to blame a soldier doing his duty. "A lot of people despise the Corps because it has filled in their favorite fishing hole," he says, "and I personally don't like some of the things they've done. The Corps may be tough to deal with in some respects, but they are good soldiers, and they do take orders. They were ordered by Congress to dredge the Atchafalaya River for navigation and flood control as they saw it." The basin, lying as it does between the population centers of New Orleans to the east and Houston to the west, is thereby a rarely valuable resource as a wild habitat and recreation place, and Skerret does understand this. "I think if we let this slip through our fingers through overcommercialization," he says, "I think we would have lost something exceedingly valuable that we'll never retrieve. Once these things are gone, they're gone."

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Another who would like to see the Atchafalaya live on for at least a few more centuries is Louisiana outdoors writer Grits Gresham, who says that the widening and deepening will end overbank flooding and thus sharply reduce the fish population. He also has another concern. "A key point," he says, "which cannot be overemphasized, is that civilization will rapidly move into the basin just as soon as the Corps completes its announced intention of preventing it from flooding. Land will be cleared for farming and grazing, and homes will be built within the floodway." This land, now flooded by waters sweeping over the river banks, is at the very heart of the question of the future of the basin because these particular wetlands give the area its special fitness as habitat for a wide variety of wildlife. Ken Smith, an assistant director of the Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries Commission, agrees: "What makes the Atchafalaya Basin what it is," he says, "is the extent and duration of overbank flooding to the swamp." But, he adds pointedly, "overbank flooding is not in the best interest of the Corps's projects."

Louisiana conservationist Dr. Leslie Glasgow, former Under Secretary of the Interior, believes the area must be set aside now or never. "The basin has reached the rather desperate point," he says, "where if we wait any longer we may just as well forget about it." He and others who hope to save the basin believe there would be a role for the Corps of Engineers in controlling basin waters in a recreational and wildlife-habitat plan, but the Corps's aims would no longer be mainly to facilitate navigation, which is running around 5 million short tons of freight annually—mostly petroleum products. Many Louisianans see the best hope for the river in a federally controlled recreation area, and the Department of the Interior has completed a feasibility study. Pat Ryan, assistant director of the Louisiana Office of State Planning, who would like to see Washington take over the basin, says, "If ever there is a time that anything is going to be done in the basin it is going to have to be done now." He says the lower part of the basin is silting up so fast now that within five years it will be beyond saving.

The federal plan would put in boat ramps, hiking trails, boating channels and camping areas, while still permitting some lumbering, oil drilling and commercial fishing and trapping. Ryan says, "We want access to every acre we can get," and he hopes half a million acres could go under federal rule. The lumbermen and oilmen hate the idea of the federal government butting in. Charles Carlton of the Louisiana Forestry Association is worried about restrictions on tree cutting. "It's the federal government we fear, not the recreational areas. We're for recreation areas." Another opponent is E. A. Courtney, of the Louisiana Land and Royalties Owners Association, who is afraid of oil-drilling restrictions. Both Carlton and Courtney say they think they could handle a purely state-run plan.

Until forty-five years ago, the basin had a sort of capital, a village of 500 people on the riverbank named Bayou Chene; it was abandoned when the Corps of Engineers put through a floodway. The people raised sugar cane in the adjoining lowlands. Nearby there lived some Chitimacha Indians, famous for their reed baskets, who have since removed to a reservation at Charenton, on the edge of one of the lakes in the basin. They number less than 300 today. For half a century the basin also supplied the world's largest cypress mill down at the southern end of the river, at Patterson. Networks of canals were dug for floating out the timber, and lumbermen and their families lived in temporary "skidder towns" consisting of a few shacks, a store, a school and an icehouse, the buildings being moved to new locations by barge when one area had been cleared of trees and another was about to be started. Other cutters lived on houseboats. According to a local historian, Trent Angers, the life of the swamper, as he was called, was rough:

> During the winters, men of the skidder towns sat around big pot-bellied stoves keeping warm, exchanging stories, playing cards, whittling, and chewing tobacco. They drank blackberry wine, muscadine wine and home brew. The swamper was plagued by alligators, mosquitoes, bears, hurricanes, floods and low water. The swamper had to wait for the water to rise before he could float the logs from the swamps. He fled the floods and hurricanes. He killed the bears, snakes and alligators, or they killed him. He swatted and cursed the mosquitoes.

But by the 1920s the cypress was almost gone. At its height, the Williams mill in Patterson turned out 75,000 board feet of cypress daily, but as the trees disappeared the production dwindled and the price rose to $700 per 1,000 board feet. Finally in 1927 a severe flood (which afterward brought on the Corps of Engineers' floodway project) that came on the heels of a drought and a hurricane wiped out the cypress logging business, or what remained of it, and today there is no longer any red cypress whatever on the market. (Reforestation of cypress would take 600 years.)

Several agencies have joined to make an economic study that is supposed to give a dollar-volume figure of all the products of the basin next year. At present the only estimate available concerns the fish, shellfish and crawfish that come out of the river and its ponds and lakes—somewhere around $2.5 million worth annually. Of all this, unquestionably the most famous and irreplaceable are the crawfish, a marvelous delicacy served around here in half a dozen magisterial recipes that make a central part of the Cajun country's great eating. There are indeed crawfish elsewhere in the land but, as *New Yorker* writer Calvin Trillin recently wrote, after a visit to the Crawfish Capital of the World down here: "Outside of Louisiana they are all but ignored—lumps of clay lacking a sculptor." The Capital, Breaux Bridge, holds a Crawfish Festival to crown a Crawfish Queen, there are crawfish races, and there is a crawfish-eating contest, the current record being the consuming of the tails of 33 pounds of crawfish in two hours. Crawfish come boiled, *étouffée*, in bisque, in patties and in gumbos, accompanied by oysters and unimaginable spices.

Across the basin on the eastern side lies the town of Plaquemine, which has a different sort of attachment for the river. Its annual Cajun Festival, which, besides crawfish, features such local specialties as dirty rice, jambalaya and *cochon de lait*, reaches its climax when

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an elected Evangeline, pretending to have just arrived from Nova Scotia, hitches a ride across the Atchafalaya in a canoe paddled by a Boy Scout clad as a Chitimacha Indian, who drops her off on the other side at the Evangeline Oak in St. Martinville. There she meets her long-lost lover, Gabriel, who tells her he has married another woman, which news "shocks her into permanent mental derangement," according to one local Evangeline expert. Besides eating, festivalling, hunting and fishing, there is the intriguing art of frogging, done from a quiet pirogue equipped with an auto battery and headlight after dark. Mud fighting in the shallows has also always attracted squishy clumps of youths, including off-duty Boy Scouts who on-duty earn merit badges for boat explorations of this jungly, closed-in, wonderfully secret waterway.

Other inroads on the privacy of the Atchafalaya include a $112 million stretch of Interstate Highway 10 that by 1975 is scheduled to connect Baton Rouge with Lafayette—the Swampland Expressway, a term that to old-timers here is simply a contradiction. Other highway devotees propose a hurricane evacuation route that would also span the basin. Meanwhile the waters continue to recede. Pointing to an outcropping of land in the river, an 80-year-old retired commercial fisherman named Clarence Etienne says, "See that island? It wasn't there a few years ago. Ten or fifteen years from now you ain't going to have any water there." Etienne is gloomy about the prospects for crawfish amateurs, river watchers and mud fighters along the Atchafalaya. He sums it all up in three succinct words: "Forget about it." □

STIRRING UP STOCKTON

How They Outsmarted the Anglos

ANNE LOFTIS
Ms. Loftis is co-author (with Audrie Girdner) of The Great Betrayal: The Evacuation of the Japanese-Americans During World War II *(Macmillan). Her forthcoming book is* California, Where the Twain *Did* Meet *(also Macmillan).*

Stockton, Calif.

In the last year or so, while Mexican-Americans from Los Angeles were winning seats in the legislature and black politicians were gaining power in the San Francisco Bay area, a quiet revolution has been taking place in some of California's Central Valley towns. Members of minority groups hitherto unrepresented in local government have been elected to public office. Chicanos sit on the city councils in Fresno and in a number of small towns nearby where they constitute a sizable part of the population. In Parlier, where 85 per cent of the people are Mexican-American, they won a majority in 1972 with the help of the Mexican-American Political Association (MAPA) in Fresno.

Opening up the local governing bodies to minorities has been a long battle in Stockton, a city of approximately 118,000 people, fragmented by income and race. On the affluent north side are citizens of Italian, Greek, Portuguese, Japanese and Lebanese extraction—the children of immigrants who became successful and moved "across the tracks." To the east and farther down the economic and social ladder are descendants of the dust bowl migrants of the 1930s and on the south side are the poorer racial minorities, roughly 40 per cent of the city's population. Until recently this last area was, in the words of a University of California report, "banished from the official body, left to struggle on its own, surviving only on occasional tokens from city hall." A man who lived there said, "They don't care about down south. Everybody knows all they care about is up north."

To break the power monopoly of North Stockton it was necessary to organize, not a single ethnic group as in the towns near Fresno but a checkerboard of races and cultures. In the past the city was a center for Filipino and East Indian agricultural workers who performed the stoop labor in the nearby asparagus fields.

Twenty-five years ago there were more Filipinos in Stockton than in any other place in the United States, most of them single men. There are about 7,000 Filipinos still in Stockton. A new cultural center provides a haven for the aging members of this group, replacing that part of the downtown area called "Little Manila" that was razed by a new freeway.

The younger Filipinos have families. Most of the approximately 30,000 seasonal agricultural workers who now come to the city are Mexican-Americans, the majority of them transient pickers who stay a few days or a few weeks and then move on. Most of them live in farm labor camps, but it is not uncommon to come upon families camping in their cars, waiting for the cherries to ripen because the orchard owners had circulated advertisements prematurely in the southern San Joaquin Valley in order to have the pickers on hand well before they needed them.

There is, however, a permanent Chicano population of about 25,000 in South Stockton, living in proximity to, but not always in harmony with, about 12,000 black residents who arrived during and after World War II. Blacks are employed on the nearby military bases, in industry, at various county and state agencies. They are the chief victims of the precarious job market in the urban sector, while Mexican-Americans are at the mercy of the fluctuating demand for agricultural labor.

A community organizer from Oakland who surveyed the scene in 1969 found surprisingly little militancy

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among the people, though their problems were similar to those in the hard-core ghettos: high unemployment, low income, substandard housing, and schools that were turning out illiterates. As in other places, the war on poverty programs of the 1960s created dissension and rivalry, rather than a sense of community. As another organizer put it, there was "a mad clawing" for whatever the city, county, state and federal governments were offering the poor, but the power remained firmly in the hands of North Stockton. The elected officials were almost always of Anglo or European background. There had never been a member of a minority race on the nine-man city council or on the San Joaquin County Board of Supervisors, and only one, a black attorney from North Stockton, on the district school board.

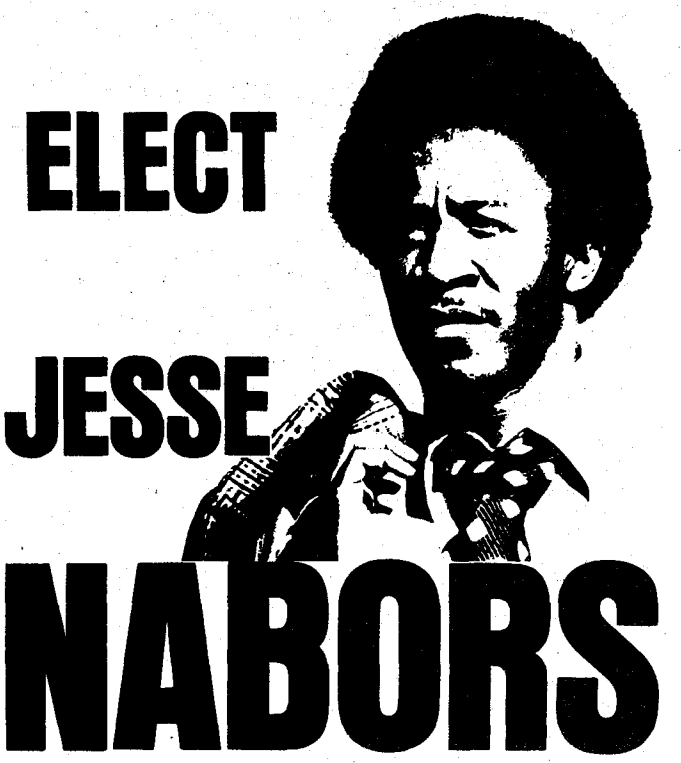
The relationship between north and south came to a crisis in a fight over the integration of the city's schools in the late 1960s. The federal government had appropriated $300,000 for this objective, which was to be carried out under the leadership of an able, progressive superintendent, James Ruesswig. Sixteen different plans were prepared for consideration; a cross section of the city's population turned out for the public meetings to discuss them. Intense emotion was generated: "The bigots were standing tall," said one observer.

In the 1968 school board election the issue was clearly defined with anti-bussing candidates opposing a pro-integration slate backed by North Stockton liberals and minority race voters from the south side. Feelings became so strong that the school superintendent resigned in order that prejudice against his program should not influence the outcome of the election. But the pro-integrationists were beaten, polling only 35 per cent of the votes. They sued the school board, in an action that is still pending, for abandoning the stated objective of integration.

One of the leaders on the losing side was Dario Marenco, a young dentist from San Francisco, who had come to Stockton with his family ten years earlier to set up a practice. Speaking fluent Italian, he numbered among his patients wealthy growers of immigrant stock who seemed indifferent to "injustices so great they were almost unbelievable," such as the plight of the farm laborers they hired who frequented the soup kitchen run by Joe Artesi at St. Mary's Church. Marenco started treating these people after office hours, in a free clinic; some of his patients were 14-year-old kids with liquor on their breath who had been working in the fields all day. But he found the "band-aid work" discouraging. "No matter what you did, it didn't help much because somebody else was working actively to keep people poor."

Influenced by his own experience in local government —he was on the board of the Mosquito Abatement District and on a committee to revise the city charter— Marenco decided that the only way to attack the socio-economic problems of South Stockton was to alter the political structure of the community. In study sessions with faculty members from the University of the Pacific, located in Stockton, he began analyzing the local government and its controlling individuals. Then came the school board election.

"We had had hundreds of people working, black people, brown people, poor people coming together at the Acacia Street Church," said Marenco. "We asked ourselves, *How could you work so hard and be so right and get beaten so badly?*" At a breakfast meeting at the home of Julio Escobado, one of the defeated candidates, forty to fifty people showed up to talk about forming an organization so that next time it would not happen. So was born, without fanfare and without publicity, the Integrated Equal Opportunity Coalition.



The original decision to put twelve members of each race on the board of directors was soon abandoned because, said Marenco,

> You'd have people worrying about internal affairs rather than the real issues. We would not organize along typical middle-class lines. We had to start trusting each other. The anonymous character of the coalition protected the minorities who might lose status in the ghetto if their participation was known. It protected the people who simply wanted to be donors. We had decided that money was a key factor in the school board defeat, so we set out to raise campaign funds. Each one pledged a few dollars a month. In one election we raised $4,000 in two and one half weeks, mostly with $2 donations, but we never dropped anyone for failing to contribute.

Among the Anglo leaders of the coalition were two Protestant ministers, an ex-Catholic priest, a sociologist at the University of the Pacific and a community organizer, who came to the city in the late 1960s to work on a Title I project to combat racism and poverty under the auspices of the University of California at Davis.

The plan that the group came up with was first to put an amendment into the city charter to permit voting for councilmen by district rather than at large. That would clear the way for the election of minority

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race members representing the southside community. The objective was accomplished through careful groundwork facilitated by Marenco's membership on the city's charter revision committee, combined with the skillful use of confrontation politics. A racial incident provided an opportunity. A float carrying black Delta College students with (unloaded) rifles was banned from a city homecoming parade, though guns were permitted as props on the other floats. Angry protesters stormed into City Hall at the next council meeting. Coalition members took advantage of this emotional encounter to persuade the city council to put a district voting amendment on the June 1969 ballot as a gesture of appeasement; the significance of that "gesture" was apparent to very few of the hundreds of people who were milling in the council chambers that evening.

Then followed a quiet, carefully managed campaign. The strategy of the coalition was to reach voters favorable to district voting and not alarm those who might oppose it if they knew its implications. This meant setting a watch over a well-intentioned group which equated district voting with ward politics. When public forums were called on the issue, coalition members quietly boycotted them, sent people home or refused to provide speakers for the pro-arguments. "We didn't want controversy," said Marenco. With the memory of the school board election fresh in their minds, they felt that it was wiser not to spell out the racial issue on the ballot statement for the public at large.

In South Stockton the strategy was entirely different. Two thousand new voters were registered. Precincts were assigned priority on the basis of past election results. Hours and hours of study had preceded the active campaign. Southside voters were reached through the black weekly, *The San Joaquin Progressor*, and the Spanish-language weekly, *La Voz de la Raza*, funded by the Stockton diocese. The big city daily, *The Stockton Record*, supported district voting editorially, and too explicitly in the opinion of coalition members who feared that the bigots would be aroused. The coalition used $900 to place a carefully constructed political ad, an endorsement by fifty-one key citizens chosen for their "solid" reputation in a conservative community. In some cases two weeks of work went into getting one signature that might influence undecided voters.

The election took place the day after many northsiders returned in their campers from a long Memorial Day weekend. Since Stockton is ideally located halfway between the mountains and the seashore, its prosperous residents leave town en masse on holidays. While they were gone, a coalition-recruited task force visited 11,000 households in South Stockton in a last-minute electioneering effort. At the polls the next day, district voting won by a margin of 850 votes.

The city council was as stunned as if a nest of vipers had hatched in its midst. At their next meeting the members proposed a motion to place the measure for reconsideration on the November ballot. That policemen and firemen were among those circulating a petition for a recall vote, which had been drawn up in the City Attorney's office, was demonstrated in a photograph taken by a coalition member and reproduced in *The San Joaquin Progressor*. The red-faced councilmen voted to withdraw the motion.

In the next election the city government felt the impact of the new measure. In the newly created District 9, where the voter registration was 2-to-1 black, a militant black politician, Ralph Lee White, defeated a more moderate Mexican-American—by thirty-five votes. The Anglo incumbent had bowed out of the race. In District 6, where the Chicano registration ran 2.5 to 1, there was a three-man race. The incumbent, a four-term councilman and former mayor, received 22 per cent of the votes. The second candidate, an Establishment-oriented Mexican-American, was also defeated by a black teacher, Jesse Nabors, who was backed by the coalition. Interestingly, it was the victory of Ralph Lee White, not a coalition-backed candidate, that demonstrated to Stockton the significance of the reforms that the coalition had instigated.

The coalition next turned its energies to the district school board. First, the city council was persuaded to place on the ballot an amendment removing school district matters from the jurisdiction of the city charter. This amendment was approved by the voters. The coalition hoped to enlarge the school board from five to seven members elected by district, and to reduce the length of their terms from six to four years. Presented with a petition for changes, a reluctant County Board for School District Re-organization was obliged to hold public meetings at various schools.

"We stacked it," said Marenco, with some satisfaction. "We sent out mailings, got people out to the meetings, got acceptable spokesmen, including two county supervisors and two city councilmen, to go before the board. After three public hearings, they agreed to put it on the ballot. Again, we benefited from our long, careful groundwork—and from the apathy of the public at large. We thought the opposition would be smarter this time. We ran a tremendous political campaign, well-financed and well-organized, but underground, with no noise."

The revision won by a large margin in June 1972, thus opening the school board to real grass-roots representation. "In an unequal, unhomogeneous community this is the route you have to take," Marenco explains. "If racial segregation should increase, under this system the power of minorities will increase, also. The district boundary lines for both the city council and the school district were carefully drawn to insure that this would happen." On April 17 coalition-sponsored candidates won five of seven seats on the school board, a "stunning" victory, according to Marenco.

Last fall he and his wife and family returned to his native city of San Francisco, where he found that a strategy similar to the one the coalition had used in Stockton was offered to the voters in November to prepare the way for an upcoming mayoralty campaign. The passage of Proposition L prevents a runoff election in the event that no candidate wins a majority of the vote in the primary. A candidate is waiting in the wings to go on stage, according to Marenco's interpretation, and he hopes to promote the election of San Francisco's first black mayor. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Foe of Tammany, Prophet of Aggiornamento

PERSONAL AND CONTROVERSIAL: An Autobiography. *By Paul Blanshard. Beacon Press. 308 pp. $7.95.*

BERNARD K. JOHNPOLL
Mr. Johnpoll teaches political science at the State University of New York at Albany. He is the author of Pacifist's Progress: Norman Thomas and the Decline of American Socialism *(Quadrangle Books).*

There are two groups of Americans who should be particularly indebted to Paul Blanshard. New Yorkers owe this native of Fredericksburg, Ohio (population 565), their gratitude because he, more than any other single person, helped bring about the demise of Tammany Hall, that epitome of paternalistic municipal corruption. American Roman Catholics should be grateful to this son, grandson, and great-grandson of Protestant ministers—himself an ordained Congregational clergyman turned atheist—for his exposure of their Church's reactionary uses of corrupting political power. He thus helped pave the way for a social and political revolution which may yet reshape the Church into the progressive organism it ought to be. All Americans should honor Paul Blanshard for his role in proving that the lonely fighter against social wrongs need not be a Don Quixote fighting an unconquerable foe which is in reality a windmill. For Paul Blanshard has fought the good fight; he has won two major skirmishes. And now—in his 81st year—he has set down the story of his exciting life, detailing the crusades he has won and the battles he has lost. It is a significant and exciting story.

Blanshard came into the struggle against Tammany almost by accident. A Socialist, he was closely allied with Norman Thomas during the latter's campaign for mayor in 1929. In the course of that campaign, in which Thomas exposed Tammany as the anti-labor grafting machine that it was, a permanent research organization, the City Affairs Committee, was formed with Blanshard as its executive director. Included on its board were John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Community Church, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue, Methodist Bishop Francis J. McConnell, and John Dewey. This committee led the fight against Tammany's last Mayor, James J. Walker; and it was the research of Blanshard and his staff which developed the details of the monumental corruption and graft by Walker and his cohorts, and gave the City Affairs Committee the ammunition it needed to attack the administration. The same ammunition was used without success by the leaders of civic reform in their effort to prevail upon the then governor of New York State, Franklin D. Roosevelt, to oust Walker. And it was this committee's research which added the necessary data to the exposures of the Seabury investigations that finally forced Walker to resign, and Tammany to lose its power. A year later, another municipal reformer, Fiorello H. La Guardia, was to use the material unearthed by that Socialist-oriented committee staff to win the mayoralty as a Republican-Fusion progressive. Significantly, La Guardia had played virtually no role in exposing Tammany. The work had all been done by Blanshard and his staff. La Guardia rewarded Blanshard by appointing him his Commissioner of Investigations; operating from that post, Blanshard was able to erase the last vestiges of Tammany corruption from the city's operation.

There is a minor fault in the author's description of Tammany's demise—one that does not detract from the basic accuracy of his account of that period. Blanshard exaggerates the effect of Walker's romantic peccadilloes with Betty Compton on the end of the organization's hegemony. It is true that his extramarital relations outraged Patrick Joseph Cardinal Hayes, then the Archbishop of New York. But the Cardinal's outrage was directed against Walker personally and not against Tammany. To the very end of his life in 1939, Hayes was sympathetic to Tammany and unfriendly to the civic reformers, particularly those—like Blanshard—whom he considered to be Socialists. And the AFL Central Trades and Labor Council of New York—itself a tool of Tammany—worked with the New York Church leader in his effort to discredit the reformers and bolster Tammany. There can be little doubt, and the documentary evidence is overwhelming, that Tammany was killed by a genuine revulsion of New Yorkers against its obvious corruption. Blanshard underestimates his own role in that victory.

A related error is Blanshard's explanation of his departure from the Socialist Party. It is likely, as he claims, that his visit to Hitler's Germany convinced him of the danger and futility of the minuscule and powerless Socialist Party's continuing in dubious battle alone. But there were other and more important reasons for his departure from the party. Blanshard belonged to the younger group of nondoctrinaire Socialists who were repelled by the Talmudic Marxism of many of the older Socialists. He was not, like many in the so-called left wing of the party, a militant revolutionist, or a total pacifist. He was, in fact, a pragmatist interested in the immediate improvement of the lot of suffering humanity, and not in some future utopia. The Old Guard of the party, the do-nothing quasi-Marxists who controlled its organization, had chosen one of their own, Charles Solomon, as the Socialist mayoral candidate. Blanshard recognized that Solomon could not win and, moreover, that his nomination represented an irreversible victory for the party's immobile bureaucracy. Therefore, he decided to throw in his lot with a movement that could affect immediate social change, resigned from the Socialist Party, and worked unceasingly for La Guardia. In one of the ironies of history, Blanshard was six years later to find himself again allied with Solomon and his Old Guard cohorts, James Oneal, Louis Waldman, and Matthew Levy, in their unsuccessful effort to save the American Labor Party from left-wing, pro-Communist control.

His time with La Guardia was stormy. Although he lists La Guardia as second to Norman Thomas among the nine "great American liberals who, at one time or another, were my bosses," he is unsparing in his criticism of the "Little Flower." There can be little doubt that La Guardia was a genuine social progressive who was devoted to improving the lot of "the least of these my brothers." But there can also be little doubt that as a boss La Guardia was irascible, bordering on the paranoid. Almost anyone who ever worked with him has come to the same conclusion. He was a martinet, who considered his relationship with his underlings to be that of a drill sergeant with his recruits. His demands were endless and impossible, and he ignored the personal feelings of his associates. And yet his achievements as Mayor of New York cannot be exaggerated. He

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permanently erased major graft in New York. Blanshard errs in comparing the petty corruption which persists in plaguing the city with the wholesale systematic graft under Tammany.

If Blanshard's role in slaying the Tammany dragon was monumental, his part in exposing the Roman Catholic Church's reactionary posture in America was even more important. In exposing Tammany, Blanshard was a public Saint George who won the acclaim of the established leaders of civic reform. He was hailed by press and pulpit in the city and in the country as a whole. Except in the Hearst press which had a remarkable proclivity for supporting political corruption, he was almost universally praised. But in attacking the political power of the Catholic hierarchy, he found himself damned or ignored by many of the very people who had hailed his work against municipal corruption. Except for *The Christian Science Monitor*, no newspaper gave his *American Freedom and Catholic Power* a fair review. *The New York Times* refused advertisements for it. Only the liberal Protestant publications and *The Nation* treated him as anything but a pariah. *The Nation* was even banned from the New York City school libraries for publishing the Blanshard articles on which the book was based. His lectures were either ignored or castigated. The Church pronounced a virtual anathema upon him, comparing him to the nativist, fundamentalist American Protective Association and the Ku Klux Klan—this despite the fact that Blanshard was attacking the political power of the organized Church and neither its theology nor its members.

It was a long and difficult battle. Blanshard's allies were few, and even some of his friends abandoned him during the strife. Liberals who were also Catholics, like John Cogley of *Commonweal*, castigated him. John Dewey, Reinhold Niebuhr, Freda Kirchwey (then editor and publisher of *The Nation*), Norman Thomas, Albert Einstein and Bertrand Russell defended his right to speak out. But the voices of reason were not many. Most comments on his book were hostile, and yet few books have had a greater influence on contemporary Catholic thought. Even liberal Catholics now admit that it was a significant exposure of a power-hungry force which appeared to be aimed at a return to the ideological dark ages when an ecclesiastic oligarch ruled the Western world. The current internal dissenters in the Catholic Church are now repeating more or less what Blanshard said almost a quarter of a century ago. Blanshard's discussion in his autobiography of his work during that period is a significant postscript to the book itself.

Although Blanshard's autobiography is a significant work by a significant figure, it would be unfair to author and readers alike if some oversimplifications and errors were not corrected. In his discussion of Israel, for example, he blames the power of the Orthodox rabbinate on a political feud between the Mapai (Labor) and Mapam (Left Socialist) Parties. This is an oversimplification amounting to a serious error. The Orthodox power is rooted in the external threat to Israel, and the government's need for almost total support. It is for this reason that the Labor Party leaders have been unwilling to undermine the rabbinate's position—a power which the religious leaders inherited, incidentally, from the British mandate government.

Another oversimplification is Blanshard's treatment of the Sacco and Vanzetti case. Although appalled by the anti-alien prejudice engendered by the case, Blanshard implies that he is not convinced of Sacco's and Vanzetti's innocence. He bases his view on a chance encounter with Vanzetti some fifteen years before the execution. Yet the issue of their guilt or innocence was peripheral to the liberal outcry against their executions. The real issue was whether or not they had had a fair trial and whether they had, in fact, been found guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. To infer Vanzetti's guilt from his abrasive radicalism is scarcely a model of judicious reasoning.

Despite errors and oversimplifications such as these, Blanshard emerges from his excellent autobiography as a major figure in the continuing social revolution in America. Every historian, professional or amateur, should read it for the insights it supplies into social, political and ecclesiastical reform. And everyone who calls himself a liberal, a radical or a progressive should read it to bolster his faith. Beacon Press, which had the courage to publish *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, has done us all a favor by publishing this valuable book. □

Evil Without Roots

THE DEVIL TREE. *By Jerzy Kosinski. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 208 pp. $6.95.*

PHILLIP CORWIN
Mr. Corwin is the author of a novel about Wall Street, entitled Getting Out Alive.

There is a passage near the end of Jerzy Kosinski's first, and best, novel, *The Painted Bird*, where the young protagonist watches "indulgently" as his ski instructor kneels and prays:

> Here was a grown man, educated in the city, who acted like a simple peasant and could not accept the idea that he was alone in the world and could expect no assistance from anyone. Every one of us stood alone, and the sooner a man realized that all . . . were expendable, the better for him. It mattered little if one was mute; people did not understand one another anyway.

Much of Kosinski's world is reflected in those few sentences. To begin with, the thrust is philosophical, and Kosinski is a philosophical novelist. Then again, the pessimism expressed has a distinctly religious overtone, coming as it does in counterpoint to an act of prayer; and references to God and the Devil are not unusual in Kosinski's work. The narrator's view of the human condition in terms of loneliness and alienation is another recurrent theme in Kosinski's fiction. Finally, the question of communication is central: does it matter whether one is mute (not only verbally but emotionally)? Is it worth the effort to try to communicate? Is it ever possible for people to understand one another?

Perhaps the one thing the passage I have cited is not distinguished for is intellectual originality. Nihilism, atheism and existentialism, the seeds of which are all present there, are certainly familiar features of 20th-century literature, and have been handled far better by other writers. Even Kosinski's language, when abstracted, does not seem particularly fresh—"alone," "expendable," "mute," "understand." These words are so loaded that it is almost impossible to bring new associations to them.

Yet in context the passage works beautifully, because it is intrinsic to the novel. The words are spoken by a 12-year-old boy who, for the past six years (1939-45) has wandered and been chased from one village to another in Nazi-occupied Eastern Europe, without parents and without friends, and has been exposed to a mixture of violence, peasant superstition and racial bigotry that has left him mute, literally and figuratively. The boy's attitudes at the end of the novel are totally believable because they derive directly from his experiences within the novel.

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The problem with Kosinski's succeeding three novels is that he has slowly, and progressively, separated the ideas from the actions of the characters. He has tried to graft live thoughts onto lifeless bodies, and the result has been a disaster for both. The weighty philosophical implications of each novel simply do not grow out of the conflicts of the characters, and the characters themselves are stereotyped and thin. The only explanation for the aloneness, the expendability, and the mute insensitivity of the people in each book seems to be the vague suggestion that this is the kind of world we live in ("I am basically very depressed about the 20th century. It is a totalitarian century," Kosinski said in an interview in 1971), and that we are all doomed. The thoughts are extrinsic to the fictional situations.

The scattered grotesques in Kosinski's second novel, *Steps,* sketch in the composite of a man whose emotions have been completely cauterized. Conceivably the narrator of *Steps* might be the boy protagonist of *The Painted Bird,* one generation later. In any case, the book goes about as far as any novel can go toward credibility with characters who have no flesh and blood. No doubt the "steps" of the title lead nowhere.

Kosinski's third novel, *Being There,* loses all credibility as fiction. It is a kind of allegory, or modern fable, about a mentally retarded illiterate who is transformed, within four days, into one of the most powerful men in America. This time, not only are the characters superficial and completely subordinate to ideas but the ideas themselves are superficial.

Unfortunately Kosinski's new novel, *The Devil Tree,* is also disappointing, and for many of the same reasons. (Interestingly enough, Satan, that saboteur of all spiritual strivings—for Kosinski, the pernicious prime minister of collectivism—has implanted his name in the title here, a sign of his importance.) The protagonist is Jonathan James Whelan, young heir to one of the biggest industrial empires in America. With a trust allowance of $25,000 a month, Whelan roams the world in search of thrills, only to discover again and again the fact of his own emptiness. Within a few years he flunks out of Yale, runs through a number of whores and mistresses on several continents, becomes an opium addict in Rangoon, and takes a painful cure in Munich. Upon returning to the United States, he half-heartedly joins an encounter group; resumes an affair with a childhood sweetheart who, it seems, cannot decide whether to be a lesbian; murders the aged couple who are the second largest shareholders of his corporation; becomes afflicted with an undefined illness; and finally assumes control of his corporation, thereby following in the footsteps of his detested father.

What is most distressing about *The Devil Tree* is the inescapable suspicion that Kosinski himself has succumbed to what he is satirizing. What, after all, could be shallower and more venal than the hackneyed jargon of psychotherapy, drugs, sex and violence, all embodied in the person of one of the beautiful people? Poor Jonathan James Whelan. It seems only Billy Graham can save him, and with him, the future of Western civilization.

The most offensive sections of *The Devil Tree* are those in which Whelan takes to psychoanalyzing himself: "I'm sure there are aspects of my personality buried within me that will surface as soon as I know I am completely loved." "The barriers that exist between Karen and me derive from her resistance to commitment." "In the encounter group the blonde girl complained about my sarcasm. I said that it was just defensive humor, that I am sarcastic more to hide my real bitterness than to alienate or frighten anyone." Nothing in this garble is redeeming or authentic.

It is hard to imagine that Kosinski did not know what he was doing when he wrote *The Devil Tree,* for there is a great difference between talent that misfires and no talent at all, and Kosinski is unquestionably a talented novelist. Nor can the problem be explained away by saying simply that Kosinski has made the mistake of characterizing through imitation rather than through action, of satirizing boredom and emptiness by writing an intentionally boring book with empty characters. No, the nature of the problem with *The Devil Tree* lies elsewhere, and it is suggested by the title itself.

Here is the epigraph to the novel:

> The native calls the baobab "the devil tree" because he claims that the devil, getting tangled in its branches, punished the tree by reversing it. To the native, the roots are branches now, and the branches are roots. To ensure that there would be no more baobabs, the devil destroyed all the young ones. That's why, the native says, there are only full-grown baobab trees left.

The debilitating contradiction in Kosinski's recent fiction is that he has taken to portraying evil without roots, a kind of deviltry that has extending branches but no earthly base, an extensive network of satanic actions that has no source in the backgrounds (the roots) of the characters. Jonathan James Whelan, for example, is not to be understood in terms of his naive statement, "I still suffer from my father's rejection and my mother's indifference." That is not a characterization which goes to the roots; instead, it branches out into the vapid, abstract jargon of popular psychology. Consequently, the only motivation for Whalen's decadent behavior seems to be, in the language of the epigraph, that he is being "punished" by Satan. Most of that punishment, appropriately enough, consists of being cut off from the roots of his childhood, from his own most primitive emotions, and from any social feeling. Whelan is a

THE POOR

I meet so many each day
That I can't forget.
They pass by. Their faces
Have been thrice denied.

I see beards no one can shave, heads
Hard and knuckled as potatoes;
An ear goes by on a crutch,
An eye paces inside its cellar.

And it goes on . . . this pain
That turns the nails within,
That makes a man take off his hat and stand
Bowed . . . no bigger than a toad.

No one will eat their food for them today.
It is a meal of those condemned
To be strangled
At daybreak and then again at nightfall. . . .

The history books say nothing of such events.

Charles Simic

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man without roots. That is both his curse and his personality—an interesting concept philosophically, but as fiction, unsatisfying.

It is tempting to extend the novel's image of rootlessness into other dimensions. America itself has been characterized by more than one historian (beginning with Tocqueville) as a nation without true roots, a country with an inadequate sense of historical tradition. Modern technology, we are continually being told, will sever whatever roots we have tried to preserve and will cause an emotional state—to borrow Alvin Toffler's phrase—of future shock. Kosinski in his fiction has also moved steadily further from his childhood roots, to the extent that his adult protagonists are much less convincing than the child of *The Painted Bird*.

In a sense it seems as if Kosinski in his recent novels had changed the characters but retained the philosophical backdrop. It is as though he had tried to transplant whole the terrifying consciousness of Nazi-occupied Eastern Europe between 1939 and 1945 to the United States during the 1960s—and it hasn't worked. It has been a bit like trying to remove Zen Buddhism from the villages of 12th-century Japan to the beatnik grottoes of urban San Francisco in the 1950s. Intellectual attitudes in a novel must have a concrete base in the world of the novel itself.

What is needed in Kosinski's fiction is a rerooting, a return to the gardens and forests of the fertile imagination that produced *The Painted Bird*. The devil tree may quite well be the antithesis of the creative force, but it too is expendable, and perhaps with its most recent fictional burgeoning it has at last died. Let us hope so, for Jerzy Kosinski is far too important a talent to be devoured by the grotesque and petrifying commercialism he has so ably satirized. □

Reflections on Karl Kraus—Part II

ROBERT LILIENFELD
Mr. Lilienfeld lectures on sociology at the City College of New York. This is Part II of an essay the first section of which appeared in The Nation *of April 23.*

Kraus's polemic against the war of 1914-18 was not the only great theme in his works. For him, that war was neither a "surprise" nor a "catastrophe"; it merely expressed the *status quo*, the state of men's minds. The debasement of thought and language in accordance with ideology, the debilitation of mind by the flow of information, the construction of false models of the world painted over with "appropriate" sentiments, the flow of words and images anesthetizing the public to the meaning of those words and images, the resultant inability of people to comprehend the meaning of their own lives and of the events engulfing them—all of these had combined to make of Central Europe what Kraus called the "research laboratory for the destruction of the world." Reality, deprived of expression, will be avenged upon mankind, and it is the satirist who is the agent of this revenge. The satirist stands at the end of a development which forsakes art, and organizes the flight of spirit from mankind; after the satirist comes the deluge.

It was not only journalism that was brewing the catastrophe; psychoanalysis too ("that sickness, the cure of which it pretends to be") was helping to destroy the spiritual element in mankind through its assault on art. "A certain kind of psychoanalysis is the occupation of lascivious rationalists, who reduce everything in the world to sexual causes, with the exception of their occupation." Kraus protested attempts to psychoanalyze artists who could not defend themselves from the grave, and foretold that the psychoanalytic movement would, by devaluing art, contribute greatly to the impoverishment of imagination he saw spreading everywhere.

> Psychoanalysis unmasks the poet at first glance, you can't put anything over on it, and it knows well enough what *des Knaben Wunderhorn** really means. So. Now it is time for a psychological science to appear, which, whenever anyone speaks of sex, finds out that it really means art. For this return trip of symbolism, I gladly volunteer as tour guide! But I would even be content to demonstrate to someone who speaks of psychology, that his subconscious really meant something else.

Kraus attacked Freud himself; of Freud's writings on Michelangelo, he said: "Analysis is the *schnorrer's*** need to explain how riches come to be; whatever he doesn't possess must have been acquired by a swindle; the other merely has the fortune; he, fortunately, *knows*." "A science which knows as little of sex as of art spreads the rumor that the artist's sexuality is 'sublimated' in the work of art. What a sanitary purpose for art, to replace the brothel! But then wouldn't it be a much finer purpose for the brothel to replace sublimation by works of art."

The relations of psychoanalysis with Kraus seem to be a relatively blank chapter in the history of the movement. Freud had at one time corresponded with him, apparently in the hope of finding an ally, but had given him up. Incensed by Kraus's satirical sniping, the analysts counterattacked. At a meeting of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society in January 1910, the analyst Fritz Wittels presented a paper on "The *Fackel* Neurosis." Among those present were Freud, Adler, Rank and Stekel. Wittels saw Kraus's hatred for the *Neue Freie Presse* as a father complex. Kraus, he said, demonstrates how "out of neurosis art emerges, and out of art once again neurosis. . . . Kraus is a misshapen man, as was Voltaire, and as court jesters are described as having been. Mockery seems to be linked with physical deformity, and in that way to be suitable as a special domain of the Jews." In the discussion that followed the reading of the paper, Alfred Adler referred to Kraus as "a philistine run wild": for Stekel, he was "a paranoiac with a marked megalomania." Freud's description: "He lacks any trace of self-mastery and seems to be altogether at the mercy of his instincts." Freud seems never to have forgiven Kraus for his satire.

But journalists and psychoanalysts were not the only ones contributing to the witches' brew. What role was being played by the intellectuals?

> REINHARDT CONGRATULATES WILDGANS
> (headline)
>
> Wildgans congratulates Tressler, and whomever Tressler congratulates will always find Schneiderhahn and Seitz in line, for all of them there is an official and an unofficial celebration, which must be written up at least to get fat headlines on congratulating, all gets written up in the paper, whether they are being congratulated or are themselves offering congratulations, they take turns, Jannings and Veidt are also there, because they are there, Argentina comes unexpectedly, and sure enough she too congratulates, since one is not sixty every day, but every day someone is sixty, so they *must* congratulate, come what may, day in and day out, all day long con-

**des Knaben Wunderhorn*, title of a collection of German poetry. Mahler and other composers have set poems from this collection to music. The title means "From the boy's magic horn (cornucopia)."

***schnorrer*: beggar.

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gratulating, so that one really doesn't know where in Vienna the people find the free time to accomplish whatever it is they are endlessly congratulating themselves for.

Journalism, psychoanalysis and the publicity careerism of the intellectuals formed a combination which Kraus came to feel was unbeatable. There was no shortage of opponents in the political sphere either. Kraus, as Simons well says, hated categories, and attached himself to no ideology. He was for many years close to the Social Democrats, especially since he saw the Habsburg monarchy as hopeless in its debility; after the World War, when Kraus was at the height of his influence, the support of the Social Democrats was a mainstay for his recitals and for *Die Fackel*. But he pilloried those intellectuals who, having supported the Great War, were then trying to atone by supporting communism. Kraus saw it as a perversion of the humanitarian ideals of socialism, and as one more symptom of the waxing barbarism. Despite his friendship with Brecht, he could not follow him into communism, though for a time he thought of moving to Berlin, where he had found Brecht's circle congenial.

In 1924, Kraus printed the following exchange in *Die Fackel*:

The Impact and Consequences of the Russian Revolution for World Civilization

(An Exchange of Letters)

Berlin, 24 September 1924

Most Honored Herr Kraus!

By order of the editorial staff of the Moscow illustrated weekly "Krassnaya Niva," the most widely read literary journal, edited by Lunatscharsky (Commissar of People's Enlightenment) and Stekloff (Editor-in-chief of Izvestia), we appeal to you in the following matter.

For the anniversary of the October Revolution, "Krassnaya Niva" has undertaken to publish a symposium by the most outstanding personalities in the arts and letters on the question of what the Russian Revolution of October 1917 has accomplished for world civilization.

The question is: What, in your opinion, are the impact and consequences of the Russian Revolution of 1917 for world civilization?

We request your participation in the symposium, and hope to receive your valued response—ten to twenty printed lines—if possible with your picture and autograph to be published therewith, by 10th October at the latest.

With heartfelt thanks, and hoping to have your valued answer soon,

Most respectfully,
J. Gakin
Representative of "Izvestia" and "Krassnaya Niva"

Vienna, 4 October 1924

Most Honored Herr Gakin!

In my opinion, the impact and consequences of the Russian Revolution for world civilization are that the most outstanding personalities in the arts and letters will be asked by the representatives of the Russan Revolution to supply, in ten to twenty printed lines, if possible with picture and autograph—thus, entirely in the spirit of pre-revolutionary journalism—their opinion of the impact and consequences of the Russian Revolution for world civilization, something which as a matter of fact can be accomplished in the prescribed ten to twenty printed lines.

Most respectfully,
Karl Kraus

Insofar as he was allied with any group, it was with the Social Democrats, at least through the decade of the 1920s. But again Kraus foresaw disaster, predicting that the times would grow great again. *Die Fackel* was banned in Hungary by the Horthy regime because of Kraus's attacks; the rising Pan-German movement, bitter against the creation of Czechoslovakia, made his recitals increasingly difficult; German students threatened to wreck the auditorium in Prague where he was to appear.

Kraus now had to contend not only with the older Viennese press but with a crop of new frauds on the scene. His polemic against one publisher, Imre Bekessy, lasted for years and reached into the inner circles of the Austrian Government. Kraus found that attitudes toward him in the Social Democratic Party were cooling. In his fight against Bekessy, who as publisher, extortionist, and blackmailer, had used his journalistic position to blackmail political opponents and to foster financial frauds, Kraus touched sore spots among the Social Democrats, some of whom had understandings with Bekessy. Kraus's exposure of Bekessy's operations forced the government to issue a warrant for Bekessy's arrest, but he was given ample warning and fled to Paris. For Kraus, the whole Bekessy affair was a portent; if Vienna could tolerate Bekessy, it could tolerate anything.

Kraus may have believed for a time that he could single-handedly expose and drive out the frauds who dominated the scene, but by the 1920s he began to see that they were quick to return in one or another form. The financiers, the press, the literati and the psychoanalysts were soon joined by another group: those who had once admired and in some cases had been helped by Kraus, but who had turned against him. These included such men as Freud, Franz Werfel and Max Brod, along with others less well known today, among them Harden, Kerr and Fritz Wittels. These, he felt, had sold out to publicity, if only of themselves. Kraus came to feel that the combination of journalists, literati, politicians and police were too much for one man; one could no longer keep up with their lies, for as soon as one was defeated, another would emerge.

In 1919, Karl Seitz, the Social Democratic politician, later Mayor of Vienna, congratulated Kraus on the twentieth anniversary of *Die Fackel*, and on the successful "exorcism of old ghosts." Zohn quotes his reply:

> There is nothing to be more greatly feared than ghosts which have been exorcised and are still there. For as long as we have the journalists, we shall have them all. They have all been attracted by the black magic which, in accordance with my prediction, has brought about the destruction of the world. There is always a bit of spirit left, a piece of nature which they could kill for us by drawing it into their unspeakable element.

He hoped that the new republic would put an end to the parasitic remainders of the old imperial age, to the blackheads of the revolution, and to the journalistic industry which, under the pretext of freedom of the press, was leading the nation to its death with its lies. When the newspapers of the 1920s advertised package tours of the battlefields, Kraus felt that the ghosts were unconquerable. They yielded, evaporated, and returned. Yet he did not give up the struggle, feeling impelled to return to the incurable Austrian world, there to refine from the specific, the local, the topical, artistic elements which people failed to recognize. It was for this reason that he felt his works would become timely only after they had gone out of date. It was Kraus who recognized the timeless significance of what to others appeared to be purely local news. Out of his struggle with Bekessy, Schober (police commissioner of Vienna and later Premier of Austria), and Felix Salten (best known to Americans as the author of *Bambi*), came one of Kraus's lesser plays, *The Unconquerables*, performed in Berlin in 1929 with a brilliant cast; its characters were his opponents, thinly disguised. *Der Stuermer*, the Nazi journal, objected, and the Austrian Embassy forced the withdrawal of the play. Professor Zohn says of it that it can be regarded as a dramatized special issue of *Die Fackel*, and demonstrates that plays of standard length were not Kraus's forte. But the play is of interest in that its use of current or recent historical events, and of real-life

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DAGUERREOTYPE

Into separate colorless corners
Where we have retired
A pact and a roll have limped.
A ground glass has had time enough
To click the set and replace the room—
A fading form.
Persistence creeps through locked will
To cuddle an album
And seep through ten thousand days.

A pose—a perception—
Caught here and there,
Casts down along the bulging ogee
Lips which moulded moved
And now move in secret.
The sign burns and is still:
An edge turned down and torn away
Closes the shutter on my chamber.

Dan Eneman

characters, foreshadowed the documentary stage techniques of Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, and of Sartre's *Nekrassov*. But while Kraus might succeed in silencing some of his opponents, and even in driving Bekessy out of the country, the climate remained the same.

With the rising tide of chaos in Central Europe, Kraus, who had always regarded himself as apolitical, became more intensely involved in political matters, motivated to a large extent by his concern with language and its uses. Kraus did not spare the Social Democrats in his satire, pointing out the growth of the bourgeois spirit among them. On a day scheduled for a major political demonstration, their newspaper accepted advertisements from a leading department store featuring clearance sales; which were their readers more likely to attend? During the political riots of the 1920s, Kraus accused Schober of being responsible for the blood shed by the police, and he plastered Vienna with posters demanding Schober's resignation. His campaign failed, and Schober eventually became Premier of Austria, with the help of the Social Democrats. Kraus predicted the suicide of democracy in Austria.

After the emergence of Nazism as a force in Germany, and the collapse of the Austrian economy after 1929, Kraus grew increasingly desperate. The Social Democrats, he felt, were so engaged in political jockeying that they could not see the handwriting on the wall. The Austrian right wing then attracted his support, not because he liked them or their policies but because he felt that anything was better than the Nazis. Accordingly, he abandoned the Social Democrats, and took sides with Dolfuss and the Austrian right wing. While the Social Democrats had merely debated and maneuvered, Dolfuss was at least willing to act. The Social Democrats, for their part, regarded Dolfuss as worse than Hitler and, from their base in Czechoslovakia, spoke of a simultaneous fight against the fascism of Hitler and the fascism of Dolfuss. Only the Viennese, said Kraus, could be so frivolous and irresponsible. From this time on, the wall of silence about Kraus was virtually complete; the Social Democrats have maintained it to this day.

In one of the later issues of *Die Fackel*, Kraus presented a retrospective view of the whole series:

> If the slow corruption of conservative ideals was the principal theme of *Die Fackel* up until the great world war, the degradation of democratic, revolutionary ideals—frightening in its rhythm—has filled the sequel of issues of my journal since the end of hostilities to the coming of Hitler.

When Hitler took power in Germany, Kraus was silent for a long time; *Die Fackel* did not appear. Kraus wrote a long essay on the subject, "The Third *Walpurgisnacht*."* But he suppressed much of it, and it was not published in full until after World War II. In part, he feared that its publication would provoke the Nazis—heretofore relatively restrained in their terrorism—to more vicious reprisals against oppositionists and against the Jews; but in part, the work shows a falling off in the quality of Kraus's writing: rambling, desperate, uneven, it seemed to try to ward off disaster through purely verbal and linguistic virtuosity. Perhaps Kraus was aware of this, for he published only parts of it in his lifetime.

"When the world ends, I'm going to retire." He planned to become the occupant of safe sentence structure, and he retreated into the world of Shakespeare, Offenbach and the analysis of language. It may seem irresponsible on my part to be concerned over the correct placement of commas, he said, but if others had been concerned to see that their commas had been in the right places, Shanghai would not now be burning. His fetishism of language, denounced by the Social Democrats and by the Communists, was better, he said, than being duped by Hitler and Stalin.

The issue of *Die Fackel* which finally did appear after the rise of Hitler to power in Germany was only a few pages long; it contained Kraus's funeral oration on the death of his friend, the architect Adolf Loos, and Kraus's last poem:

You are not to ask what I've been doing all this time.
I remain silent;
And won't say why.
It is silent, since the earth cracked.
No word has come;
One speaks only in sleep.
And dreams of a sun that laughed.
It passes;
Afterwards it won't matter;
The word fell into sleep, when that world awoke.

Many were baffled by Kraus's long silence, and by this poem. Bertoldt Brecht, in defense of Kraus, wrote a somewhat longer poem entitled: "On the Significance of the Ten-Line Poem in No. 888 of *Die Fackel*."*

When the Third Reich had been founded
Only a short message came from the eloquent one.
In a ten-line poem
He raised his voice to complain
That it was not adequate.

• • •

When the eloquent one excused himself
That his voice had failed him,
Silence stepped forward to the judgment seat,
Removed her veil
And revealed herself as witness.

During this time, the *Neue Freie Presse*, true to its traditions, was printing bland denials of terrorism in Germany, insisting that the Nazi regime's measures were moderate and defensive. Felix Salten, leading *feuilletoniste* for the paper, and an old enemy of Kraus, announced that he had traveled the length and breadth of Germany as reporter for the *Neue Freie Presse*, and had never once been questioned as a Jew; readers were to draw their own conclusions. When Austria fell into civil war in 1934, and Dolfuss was assassinated, Kraus's despair was almost complete. He saw that Czechoslovakia now stood in as much danger from Germany as did Austria, and noted that the Czech press was more concerned with Greta Garbo's visit to Prague than with defense measures.

At this last extremity, the intellectuals in the safety of exile continued to attack Kraus. Simons puts the matter very well: "Karl Kraus had fallen silent as Germany awoke, and the blacklisted intellectuals in emigration

*Allusion to the two witches' sabbaths in Goethe's *Faust*. The Nazis were to bring the third.

*See Zohn, *Karl Kraus*, pp. 127ff. For the complete Brecht poem, see Caroline Kohn, *Karl Kraus, le polémiste et l'écrivain, défenseur des droits de l'individu* (Paris, Marcel Didier, 1962), pp. 246-248.

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whom he had combatted all his life chose to take this silence for satisfaction at their blacklisting. He thought the supposition worthy of them." No, said Kraus, he was not satisfied, for the disaster which had led to their exile would outweigh the fact that this worthlessness had been shunted aside, either to an undeserved martyrdom, or to an otherwise unattainable reputation abroad, where naturally every victim of German proscription would be mistaken for a talented man or even for a man of character. Besides, their exile meant that he as a satirist would suffer a diminished inventory. The literati who demanded a protest against the mistreatment of their colleagues were overvaluing literature and undervaluing a disaster "whose smallest effect is its invasion of the book market. What was needed were words or acts against what was done to man, not against what was done to writers." That which had come to power in Germany would "stand in the annals of German cultural history on empty pages sticky with blood"; its advent was no matter for satisfaction.

Virtually his last public comments were made at a recitation in November 1934, in his readings from Shakespeare who, Kraus had long maintained, had foreseen everything. He quoted Ross's speech on Scotland after Macbeth's seizure of power:

Alas! poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

After this, Kraus retreated wholly into readings and performances of Shakespeare and Offenbach. By 1935 his audiences, intimidated by the Austrian Nazi threats of violence, had diminished, and subscriptions to *Die Fackel* had fallen off to the point where the journal was no longer self-sustaining. Ill and exhausted, he made a last visit to his childhood scenes, remarking to a friend that with the coming to power of Hitler, even the trees and shrubs had lost their green; everything was now gray. His death, in June 1936, was a merciful release. He did not live to see the taking of Austria by the Nazis, and what followed.

As much in Kraus's life as in his opinions, he exemplified the agony of his time. His attitude toward his Jewishness, tortured and contradictory, never consistent or rational, dragged him into the tragedy of Europe. Perhaps this is what Brecht had in mind when he said of Kraus, "As the age raised its hand to destroy itself, he was that hand." The young Kraus, believing in socialism and in assimilation, rejected and ridiculed the newly emergent Zionist movement and its leader, Theodor Herzl; he also taunted those assimilationist Jews who had been converted to Catholicism—some out of conviction, others for the sake of entry into careers and social circles otherwise closed to them—but at one point was himself baptized in the Catholic Church. Upon learning, in 1922, that Salzburg Cathedral was to be made available to Max Reinhardt's production of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Everyman* as an annual tourist attraction, he seized the opportunity to leave the Church. He railed against the Jewish liberal press, at the summit of which was the *Neue Freie Presse*, against Jewish financiers and war profiteers, against the cliquish, talented—and because of their talents, that much more pernicious—Jewish literati of Vienna, claiming that the combination would destroy civilization. He argued that Western European Jews should abandon all vestiges of their faith, as it hindered their attaining to full equality; and he argued that East European Jews, upon whom their traditional religion maintained a much greater hold, were generating anti-Semitism by their ghetto mentality.

As time went on, he modified his views somewhat. He came to respect the personal integrity of Herzl, expressed second thoughts about Zionism and about the possibilities open to Jews in Central and Eastern Europe. Worshipping the purity and beauty of the German language, he ridiculed every instance of the use of that language by Jewish writers which carried a touch of Yiddish accent or intonation. When the Medusa's head of Nazism rose over the German horizon, Kraus—like many Jews of that time and place a "stepchild of two cultures"—alternated between melancholy and hysteria.

Some Jewish writers, admirers of Kraus, regard him as supremely Jewish in spirit, motivated by the ethical absolutism of an Old Testament prophet (". . . I take part in Judaism up to the Exodus, but not in the dance around the golden calf. . . . From then on I share only those traits which were also found in the defenders of God, and in the avengers of a people gone astray. . . ."). Others regard him as an irrational renegade whose anti-Jewish tirades helped the rise of Nazism; certainly the language of these tirades resembled those of the Nazis to an extent which finally unnerved him. Unable to arrive at a consistent position, Kraus thrashed about on all sides of the question, apparently hoping somehow that his aesthetic and linguistic sense would give him a lead. The result, near the end, was close to incoherent rambling. On this point, Zohn quotes a remark of Franz Kafka: "In the hell of German-Jewish letters Kraus is the great overseer and taskmaster . . . but he forgets that he himself belongs in this hell among those to be chastised."

The scope of the German-Jewish tragedy was enormous, and as it recedes into history it may never be fully comprehended. Kraus himself was broken by this tragedy. And here too his life is significant in the way in which it exemplified the still unresolved problem of the relation of Jewish identity to the cultures of the nations the Jews have traversed in their history; as it did in Europe, the problem has emerged in America, and it is still unresolved. Commentators on Kraus have taken a wide range of attitudes on this issue. Wilma Iggers appears to have been embittered by this side of Kraus to the point where it affects even her judgment of his poetry, which she dismisses. Erich Heller does not explicitly discuss it, but appears to feel that the "almost frightening directness, spontaneity, and naïveté with which he himself experienced his calling" prevented Kraus from developing any consistent self-awareness, and so made it impossible for him to develop any measure of control or of rationality on this point. Thomas W. Simons, in an otherwise

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outstanding essay, diplomatically ignores this moral problem, and by implication assents even to this side of Kraus. Harry Zohn's discussion of this matter is entirely to his credit; he does not skate around it, and he maintains his balance.

Kraus has received much praise for his feelings about and approach to language. Wittgenstein himself admired and was influenced by Kraus, who therefore must be accorded some share of the credit or discredit, as the case may be, for the emergence of linguistic philosophy.

It remains to be added only that the German sociologists, Theodor Adorno and Max Horkheimer, have considered Kraus's work to be of inestimable value for sociology itself; the latter is among those who feel that only bitterness has denied Kraus his place among the great poets of all time.

In still another respect, Kraus's many-sided career may appear faded, in that the milieu which generated it has irretrievably disappeared. The specific atmosphere of the old Austrian culture—the language, manners and feudal images of the old Empire, the mixture of peasant cultures and languages, the old baroque Catholicism—all of these are very far from the American scene. We live under different skies, and the spirit of John Calvin broods heavily over this landscape; the political and social struggles of Kraus's lifetime are likely to appear to be of merely historical interest, without immediate relevance. We are not likely to feel much excitement over his quarrels with forgotten literati and politicians. But Kraus was right in this respect: as his work goes out of date, its timeliness emerges. The long civil war which has racked European society in the 20th century has not ended, and it appears to be transferring its locale to this country. Many features of American life would be strange to Karl Kraus, but there are things he would recognize. The unconquerables are back, and he would recognize them. In his time he could track them down and uncover their lies, for they had only the press; but now they have not only the press but radio, television, films and the universities. They are now beyond the reach of any one man. In Kraus's war with the journalists and careerists of culture, his moral vision was faultless. The debasement of art, and the promulgation by journalism of manufactured thought patterns rendering real thought almost impossible, foretell disaster. The end comes, he said, not when the barbarians invade civilization but rather when they break out of it. And, he asked, would the future, born of this unspeakable present, have any greater power of comprehension?

An American society which is generous of heart but confused in mind and direction, riven by conflicting ideological currents, is assailed by an alliance of press, intellectuals and tired and dispirited politicians. The *Neue Freie Presse* against which Kraus warred all his life was at the summit of European newspapers, balanced and thorough in its coverage of politics and the arts. We have no *Neue Freie Presse* but we have *The New York Times*, which would not bear close analysis, and it is acting the same part. (Kraus could tell us the meaning of the *Times*'s revival of the *feuilleton* on its new "Op-Ed" page, and of the violence that term does to language.) We do not have a stylish mayor of Vienna who fostered anti-Semitism and who surrounded himself with assimilationist, anti-Semitic Jews, but perhaps a substitute can be found. Reinhardt does not produce *Everyman* at Salzburg Cathedral, but Lenny celebrated *Mass* at Lincoln Center, and that is close enough. We may not have Rilke and von Hofmannsthal, but there are Lowells enough; Reinhardt no longer congratulates Wildgans, but Epstein quarrels with Podhoretz and Howe reviews Millett and Vidal reviews Howe and Mailer reviews Vidal, and Lehmann-Haupt is also there, because after all he is there. . . .

The unconquerables swarm, in business again. The press, Kraus said, created National Socialism, apparently as reaction but actually as fulfillment. Today it is far more than the press, for journalism as a way of thinking and of creating false images and sentiments has spread far beyond the newspapers, into the mass media in general, into book publishing, everywhere into that poor struggling young plant of an American culture—worst of all, into education—and once again a "devil's masterpiece of humanity is being prepared." America, it is to be hoped, may prove to have moral reserves which Austria did not, if the unconquerables are recognized and countered.

But if a Fourth *Walpurgisnacht* emerges, we may know what to expect. Charles Reich will meet Norman Mailer in a café in Uruguay, possibly with compatriots who have become professors of American Youth Literature in various other Latin American countries, there to continue their work in heavily accented Spanish or Portuguese learned late in life, establishing institutes for the study of a culture which no longer exists, protesting disasters they helped create and then fled. Kraus himself was, of course, a journalist; how does it happen that he denounced his own profession? It was not the institution itself he attacked but rather the attitudes it tended to generate: the use of thought, language and imagery for some other purpose than the expression of truth. It was this against which he warred. We have multitudes of literati who misuse their minds in that way. But we have no Karl Kraus. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

George Stevens, director of the American Film Institute, dropped Costa-Gavras' *State of Siege* from the inaugural festival of the institute's theatre in the Kennedy Center, Washington, on the ground that "it rationalizes an act of political assassination." Under the circumstances, the verb "rationalize" is dubious. If Mr. Stevens meant that the picture makes political assassination understandable, that is true, but scarcely a reason for withholding it; if he meant, as a good many people may have assumed, that it justifies or condones such a killing, it is patently false. Stevens would have been better advised to say that he dropped the film because he found it inappropriate for showing by an at least quasi-official organization. That would not have enhanced his reputation for fearless independence, but then his position is not one that encourages intellectual bravado and people would have understood.

In any case, the issue of censorship does not arise, since the film has been released commercially and, at least in New York, is playing to maximum audiences at one of the most prestigious first-run houses. In fact, the showing of *State of Siege* induces mixed feelings. On the one hand, Americans concerned about the state of their nation may take heart from the realization that few if any other governments would permit the public screening of so virulent an attack on their country's clandestine foreign activities; on the other hand, such Americans would have to acknowledge that for few if any other countries would this attack be plausible. As applied to the United States, it is that at the very least.

The picture is based on the killing in 1970 of Dan A. Mitrione by the Tupamaros of Uruguay. Costa-Gavras maintains, in the several interviews occasioned by the institute's eleventh-hour cancellation, that the events of the picture (though not the names of the principals) are factual; that he spent months in Latin America, along with Franco Solinas,

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author of the script and of that for the earlier *Battle of Algiers*, collecting documentation (among other things, he states that he has listened to tapes of the insurgents' interrogation of Mitrione). He was scrupulous, he says, to reject any incident, however probable or dramatically effective, that could not be substantiated. The terrible fact is that one feels no disposition to dispute his word.

In the film, the central character, played by Yves Montand (also the protagonist of Costa-Gavras' *Z* and *The Confession*), is called Philip Michael Santore. Like Mitrione, he is an AID official, assigned as a traffic control and communications expert to close liaison with the Uruguayan police. But the masked interrogator suggests, and Santore does not deny, that his responsibilities went much deeper than traffic and communications, that in fact he was assisting the local police to improve their anti-guerrilla techniques. Since these included torture and murder, he is implicated by guilty knowledge, if not by actual participation, in the abominations. More broadly, he is guilty of assisting the totalitarian forces in a country wracked by economic and political crises. In the end, Santore virtually admits the charges, lashing out at his accuser with familiar law-and-order rhetoric. And it should be added here that after Mitrione's death it was widely suggested in the press, both American and foreign, that he had been closely concerned with Uruguayan counterinsurgency.

State of Siege follows the dramatic formula of its predecessors, though it was much easier to look at them as, for want of a better word, entertainment, since one was concerned with the internal affairs of Greece and the other with those of Czechoslovakia. The method is very distinctly a formula, the tension being created and heightened by an accelerating tempo of cuts from one to another faction as the picture works toward a foregone conclusion. It is not a very original style, but I doubt that Costa-Gavras is much interested in stylistic originality. He is content with a narrative method that lends itself well to his purpose, which is to testify against kinds of political activity that he finds intolerable. And what he finds intolerable includes political assassination which, as he shows most poignantly, is the climax of an inevitable dilemma. Having snatched their man and broadcast conditions for his safe release which the authorities are almost certain to reject, the insurgents are caught in their own trap: either they let him go anyway, thus showing themselves feckless; or they kill him, thus allowing the state to make him a martyred hero and themselves losing the sympathy of their natural supporters.

What give this film, like its predecessors, its electrifying presence are the verisimilitude of the mass scenes, the gratifying elegance of the ruses and devices employed in the action, and the sharp delineation of the characters, both major and fleeting. Costa-Gavras has assembled a very large cast, a very able cast, and polished their behavior to a lean proficiency that communicates at the speed of code. Indeed, this excellence may in the end prove ironic. *State of Siege* is so splendidly put together, so professionally tuned in its every detail, that a good many people may be able to evade its content by applauding its construction.

But this is no Hitchcock thriller, intended, for all its expenditure of talent, as no more than a beguilement. It is a challenge: either Costa-Gavras is a conscienceless opportunist, or the United States has sinned and should repent. We are not confronted here with a Martian invasion of Ruritania but with an asserted State Department corruption of Uruguay. It is not the sort of thing that can be shrugged off as a damned clever show. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

"Museum" in mirror image spells "Muesum," which is the title of an exhibition at the Whitney Museum, on the second floor, until April 29. It is a part of the Independent Study Program, run by David Hupert, head of the Department of Education. Each college semester, some twenty-five or so students, undergraduate and graduate, are chosen for the program. At present two-thirds of the students are in studio, one-third in art history or museum studies, and essential to both groups is the opportunity for contact with the specialists—artists, critics, historians—available in New York City. It is part of the work requirement of the art history students (who earn credit at the Whitney) to collaborate as a group on an exhibition drawing on the Whitney's facilities, in addition to writing a major research paper with a personal tutor.

The first show produced in the program was a survey of gestural abstract art drawn from the stacks of the museum; it was a well-conceived show, timely in indicating a possible renewal of interest in this somewhat discredited area of recent art and, at the same time, accurately locating a strength of the collection. The second show, iconographical rather than stylistic, failed: incongruous and incompatible art works were assembled around the theme of the city. "Muesum," the third show, draws on material in the permanent collection but also proposes a critical framework of ideas.

It is a collaboration of eight people: Josh Cohn, Edit de Ak, Rosanne McCaffrey, Laura Natkins, Nancy Reinish, Walter R. Robinson, Robert V. Rutledge and Ela Troyano. Three of them are students from Columbia University, three from the State University of New York at Stony Brook, and one each from Reed and Tulane College. To quote the catalogue of the show, "esthetic and sociological considerations" have been kept down and chronology and structure emphasized. It is typical of the wit of the show that structure turns out to refer to both the institutional form of the museum and literal samples of the materials of which the present building is constructed. The show is strong on vivid data.

The first room, the big one, is a chronological model of the collection, tracing a succession of styles from Mannerist social realism through spiky sculpture to grid painting. The exhibition is a sample of what the Whitney Museum of American Art does—i.e., collect American art. It resembles the Annual-Biennial shows from which the works were originally acquired. But that it is an exhibition of an exhibition, rather than a show of art, becomes clear in the smaller galleries which present an expository display of the museum as a system. There are sections on acquisition, storage, structure, architecture and history or, if you enter from the other end, history, architecture, structure, storage and acquisition. *Acquisition* is exemplified by a painting by Richard McLean (a photo-realist) accompanied by copies of the forms that have to be filled out for accession (though institutional squeamishness has withheld the price and insurance value). *Storage* is demonstrated by a big folded canvas, very 1960-ish, and a sculpture of Gertrude Stein in a high security crate.

Structure is exceptionally interesting and consists of photographs of the staff of the museum accompanied by job descriptions written for the exhibition by each person. Two versions of David Solinger's statement have been shown already: on opening night the president of the board was represented by a long,

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immodest statement; a couple of days later the statement had become much briefer, and I regretted the loss of his comparison of himself to "an orchestra leader" (of the Madison Avenue-75th Street Symphony, perhaps?). One job description failed to satisfy me, that of the public relations director, which included the resolution "to provide material to the media *according to individual need*" (my italics). At the time of my deadline, the PR office had not sent me copies of the job descriptions that I needed and had requested seven days earlier.

The documentary sections are like a Conceptual art show, in that photographs, verbal statements, statistics, real samples and diagrammatic plans are presented to reveal a system. When visiting a gallery, one normally looks at the artifacts as objects of interest and value in themselves; right now at the Whitney, you can look at straight shows of Winslow Homer and Bruce Nauman if you want to. The subject of "Muesum," however, is "the unseen aspects and functions of a museum." This takes the form of an objective bringing to light of the services "below stairs," so to say; and the job statements add up to an ideological portrait of the staff. Each curator, for example, has selected one aspect of the job for emphasis. Associate Curator James Monte's piece is strictly intramuseum, an account of a day spent working on the floor plan of a new show; whereas Associate Curator Marcia Tucker stresses the role of keeping in contact with the art world by going, most evenings, to "openings, dinners, or parties." Robert Doty, curator, sees his mission as "maintain[ing] the history of civilization."

Patricia Hills, associate curator, 18th-19th-Century Art, makes the point "that all art reflects the myths of society—the collective fantasies of the patrons of art." That is a nice point, at which the art historian's sense of initiating causes outside of art shades into a political sense of the ideological uses of art. And of course, it is a reminder of the ideological nature of museum exhibitions, which we have tended to accept as neutral examples of art rather than as political manifestations. The organizers of "Muesum" are sensitive both to the high level of information that a museum stores and to the limits of its traditional deployment. The self-described goals and images of the staff are balanced by a videotape program that includes artists' comments on the Whitney, especially on the Annual-Biennial exhibitions. In addition, there are shots of the dismantling of the last Biennial and coverage of the Nauman opening. The tapes provide a necessary supplementary level of topical information to the array of original works and the sequences of documentation.

The major support of the Independent Study Program comes from the Helena Rubinstein Foundation, which deserves great credit for recognizing the potential of this form of education. Too often the target of museum departments of education is merely numerical, a head count of kids bussed to the museum for elementary lectures in art appreciation. This kind of activity has a value, probably, but it certainly does not use the resources of a museum in a way commensurate with their possibilities. It makes the museum a kind of slide lecture in real time. The remarkable feature of the Whitney program is precisely the interaction of highly selected individuals with a highly developed institution. Individual sophistication, not group proselytizing, is the point. Hence the wisdom and, as it must have been at the beginning, courage of the Whitney in requiring a public exhibition from each generation of students. "Muesum" shows that this confidence was securely founded. □

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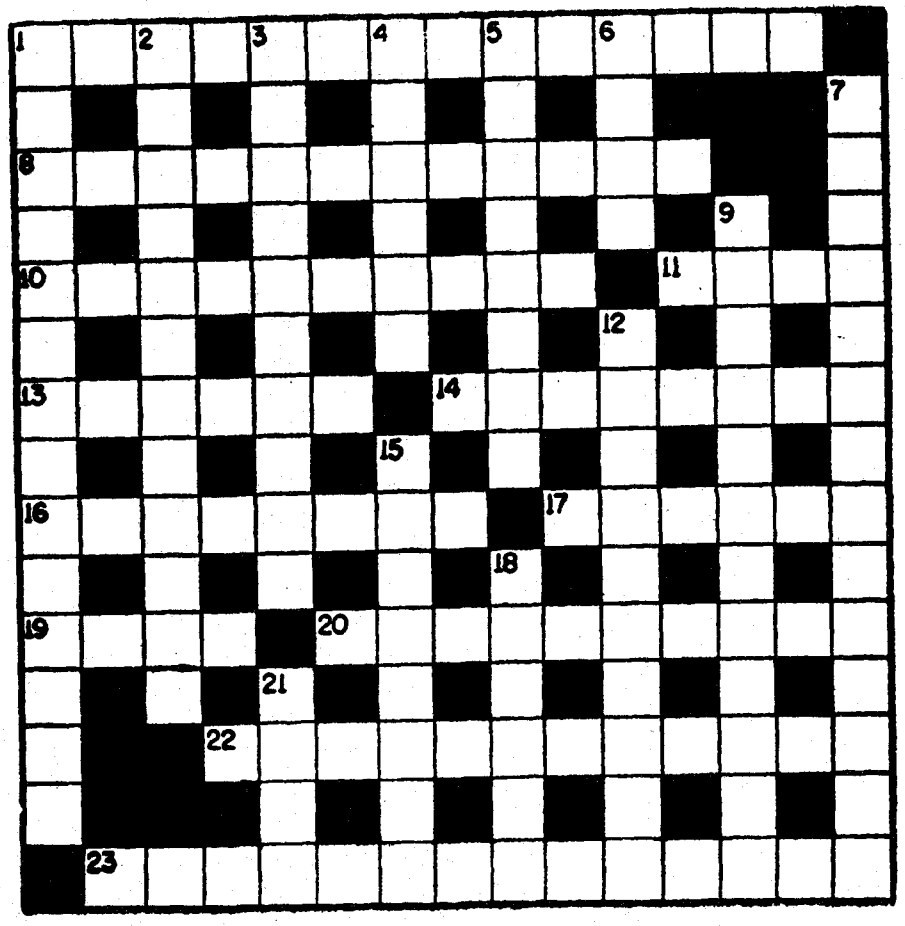
Crossword Puzzle No. 1487

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 During inauguration preliminaries, the President-to-be might do as the golfer does. (7,3,4)
8 Washington winnings reported in due form. (7,5)
10 Thrifty way of keeping the iceman cool? (10)
11 One might be struck with going without me. (4)
13 Might one's hair be so plagued? (6)
14 An arrangement that rose to control the resistance? (8)
16 Aces might be. (8)
17 Admit to orders. (6)
19 It might get one up to scratch. (4)
20 The surrounding influence of Pere Thomas' disguise. (10)
22 Some women use it instead of the traditional line to make theirs colder. (7,5)
23 To do it could be a simple task for the burglar, as we might on retirement. (4,6,4)

DOWN

1 Tar alone had a good deal to do with its setting. (7,7)
2 Do they find the attraction of the spirit strong, but the flesh weak? (12)
3 Do such people confuse the vortex at first with the rest, possibly? (10)
4 Was the character of Shakespearean song not recognized? (6)
5 In the ad, a cheerfully admitted annoyance to some. (8)
6 Picked by one side in some quarrels. (4)
7 The ten-o'clock scholar didn't appear to be, however intelligent. (6,3,5)
9 With such an air, moustache twirling is obviously continental. (5,7)
12 Game for a number of diggers? (4,6)
15 Sewers might, as a first act in recycling. (8)
18 Extract of lemons, covering the grave. (6)
21 Sounds like Ali was once an artist! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1486

ACROSS: 1 Shamble; 5 Clapped; 9 Bridger; 10 Readied; 11 Leapt; 12 Idiomatic; 14 and 23 across Flagrant; 15 Chignon; 18 Art; 20 Gag; 21 Beserk; 26 Taverners; 28 Vowel; 29 Arrange; 30 and 13 Battledore; 31 Trebles; 32 Endless. DOWN: 1 Subtle; 2 Animal; 3 Bagatelle; 4 Earring; 5 Cardiac; 6 Alarm; 8 Deducing; 16 Innovated; 17 Oar; 18 and 7 Abstract painting; 19 Traverse; 22 Keepers; 23 Risible; 24 Twelve; 25 Glides; 27 Renal.

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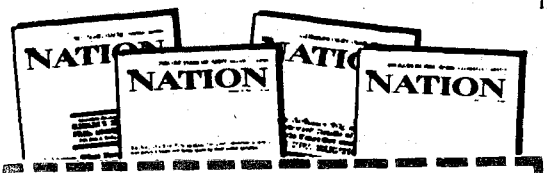

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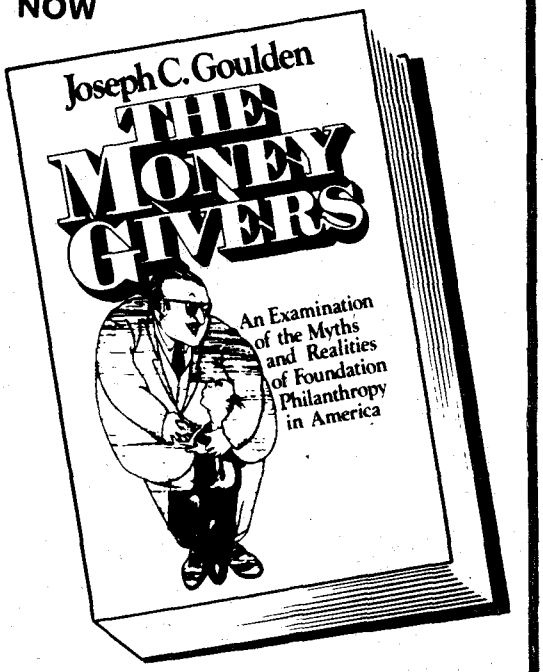

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